STEM

by

Leigh Whannell

STE

Draft 8.0

<u>PRODUCTION DRAFT</u>
11/28/2016 - PRODUCTION DRAFT

November 2016

1 **INT. GARAGE - DAY** 1

A wall of gleaming tools, hand written labels adorning them. We move past the tools, landing on a figure who probes the carburetor of a mean looking V8 engine with a wrench. He fiddles with the pistons, uncapping a hose.

He is ruggedly handsome, face dotted with stubble and grease. This is GREY TRACE (33). Muscular but not vain. Blue collar.

Grey is standing in your classic garage-turned-mancave. No frills - a bar fridge, a tool bench, a dartboard. There's even the mandatory red neon beer sign. Punk rock riffs spit out of ancient speakers, vinyl spinning on a beaten up record player.

The car is a 1978 Pontiac Firebird. You get the picture.

Grey wrenches at something, hunched over, glazed in sweat. He is replacing the alternator.

He flinches when he cuts himself, his finger bleeding. He sucks the blood away and goes back to work.

CUT TO:

Grey dumps himself into the drivers seat, kicking the car over. The engine brays loudly as it idles. The engine SCREAMS as it is revved, then shudders to a croaking death as the ignition is killed. Grey gets out of the car.

He shuts the hood to the Firebird, staring at it with pride.

GREY
I love you. I wanna do things to you.

He swipes a beer from the bar fridge, can't locate a bottle opener. Improvises with a wrench to pop the cap off. Slips a vintage watch back on his wrist carefully, then a wedding ring back on his finger.

GREY (CONT'D)
Door.

He cleans his vintage watch, shuffling over to the wall. His posture is bad - too much time bent over engines.

He walks straight into the garage door without looking, evaporating any Paul Newman cool he thought he had.

GREY (CONT'D)
Ow!

A calm, female voice emits from the wall.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry, what was that?

Grey leans in close to the wall.

GREY
Open the frickin' thing.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry, I didn't hear you. What is it you would like?

GREY
To control my own life.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I don't understand that command.

Frustrated, Grey manually wrenches the door up. It doesn't move.

GREY
Come on.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Do you want to open the door, Grey?

GREY
Yes!

The garage door whirs open very slowly.

2 **EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 2

Grey's house perches on a suburban street. Parked in the driveway in front of his house is a vintage DODGE CHALLENGER.

Behind his house, glass towers spear towards the clouds. A city of the future. Grey checks his watch again.

A sleek, silent car pulls up right in front of him, turning into the driveway. He ambles to it, leaning into the window.

3 **INT. ASHA'S CAR - DAY** 3

A ghostly image: the steering wheel moves but there's nobody touching it. The car is automated. The people in this world think nothing of this.

That includes the female passenger, a brunette named ASHA TRACE (28). She reclines languidly in a chair like she is riding the subway. Wearing a stylish woman's business suit, she watches a screen play across one wall of the car. A man jabbers away about something or other on it. This is HANDLEY (35). Even in the future, there are corporate sharks with shit-eating grins. That's Handley.

HANDLEY (V.O.)
You can't be an idealist and a capitalist, Asha. Pick a side.

ASHA
I think I can.

HANDLEY (V.O.)
Well then --

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Arriving at your house, Asha.

ASHA
Saved by my car. Goodbye, Handley. We'll talk at work tomorrow.

She taps the "TV screen" and it instantly disappears -- revealing Grey, leering like a murderer. Asha screams.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Are you okay, Asha?

ASHA
(laughing)
Yes, I'm fine. The husband scared me.

4 **EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 4

Asha climbs out of the automated car.

GREY
You realize you're talking to your car, right?

ASHA
I hear you talking to yours all the time. At least mine can talk back.

She kisses Grey, eyeing his beer.

ASHA (CONT'D)
Working hard I see?

5 **INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 5

The house is pretty tasteful for the suburbs. Asha runs her hand over the wall and lights come on. Grey trails her.

Asha keeps moving into the --

6 **INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 6

-- equally sparse kitchen. Technological advances hide all the appliances. The fridge becomes translucent. A message plays across it - **YOU NEED EGGS.**

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE
You've run out of eggs, Asha.

GREY
Actually I was working hard. This is a celebratory beer. I just dropped the block into the Firebird, finished it up.

ASHA
I have no idea what you just said.

GREY
Yeah, well, I don't know what you do for a living either, so we're even.

Asha places her handbag on the kitchen counter and it lights up, the outline of a stove appearing on it. A bird tweets as it comes on, a pleasant and inviting sound.

ASHA
Is staying home all day to play with cars a living, Grey? I'm not so sure that it is.

GREY
Ouch. Actually, I'm getting used to you wearing the pants in this house. Really settling into it, ya know?

ASHA
Good. I'm never giving them back.

GREY
I think I could get 'em off.

Grey grins and wraps his arms around her.

ASHA
No don't, you'll get grease on me!

Her laughter melts into a long, savored kiss.

ASHA (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you. Those cars are works of art.

GREY
Thanks.

ASHA
Wanna print a pizza?

GREY
How about we *make* a pizza?

ASHA
That sounds like a lot of work.

GREY
I gotta drop the car off to this guy tonight.

ASHA
Boo. Have fun then.

GREY
You're comin' with me. You have to take me home in that toy car of yours, I'm not goin' in it alone, it's forty minutes away. I'll push the wrong buttons and end up in Canada.

ASHA
I've got a report to do, I can't.

Grey scoops her up in his arms and she screams playfully.

GREY
Can't lives on won't street, lady. Besides, you wanna see this guys house. Trust me.

EXT. FREEWAY, CITY - DAY

The future has imposed itself on this old world city. Glass towers stubbornly compete with stone buildings of yore.

On a freeway, we find Grey's shining Firebird, followed closely by Asha's automated contraption.

7 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY** 7

The Firebird growls along a dipping, wooded road, shaded by trees. Asha's automated car glides along behind the beast.

8 **EXT. ERON'S HOUSE - DUSK** 8

Rolling fields, dotted with trees.

The Firebird rumbles along a driveway, tailed by Ash's car. A black-clad, armed guard steps forward, leaning into Grey's window, then waves him past.

We TRACK with the cars as they continue up the driveway, parking in front of a mossy field.

The only landmarks are two enormous rocks, leaning against each other like a sculpture in the middle of the large lawn. The lawn stops at a steep cliff drop-off, the ocean roiling beyond it.

Grey and Asha get out of their respective cars and head towards the rocks. Asha gazes at the structure, bemused.

ASHA
So he lives behind these rocks?

GREY
Just wait.

A staircase between the rocks leads under the ground.

9 **INT. STAIRWELL/CORRIDOR, ERON'S HOUSE - DUSK - CONTINUOUS** 9

The stairs take Grey and Asha into a subterranean living space that is filled with lush plants and flowers. A living wall at the very back of the cave towers over them, seemingly breathing and moving.

ASHA
Is he going to drink our blood?

GREY
I would not be surprised.

ASHA
Who is it?

GREY
Not telling.

Beds of flowers form a ‘corridor’ entry way. A lighting system actually follows them as they walk.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Turn left.

Grey and Asha do as they are told.

10 **INT. ATRIUM/LIVING ROOM, ERON’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 10

The space seems to have no walls or partitioned sections. They reach a living room - in Eron’s house this is simply two couches between a garden.

A young man is there, tending to what appears to be a cloud. A literal cloud, floating between the two couches.

He doesn’t seem to notice they are there.

GREY
Eron, my man.

The young man stays focused on the cloud. This is ERON KEEN (22). The guy looks twelve. Not *reeeeally* designed to interact with other humans.

ERON
Please fill some cups with your blood.

GREY
You heard that.

ERON
You're early.

GREY
I was in a fast car. What is that?

ERON
It's my cloud.

GREY
How'd you get it in here?

ERON
I made it.

GREY
They have real clouds outside, you know?

ERON
This is better than a real cloud. I can't control the clouds outside.

GREY
Eron, this is my wife, Asha.

ASHA
It's nice to meet you.

Eron finally turns. He seems alarmed by Asha's good looks.

ERON
Yes. Hello. Hi.

A long beat of silence.

ASHA
This is the most amazing...living space I've ever seen.

ERON
Yes I know.

Asha laughs. It kind of jumps out of her. Big and hearty. Eron smiles. Seems to relax a bit.

ERON (CONT'D)
I'm funny. That's good. Right?

ASHA
Hey, I married a guy cos he was funny. Is it just you here?

ERON
I'm currently single. Yes.

ASHA
Oh...

ERON
It's just me and a small number of staff members for Vessel.

ASHA
Wait...Eron Keen? You own Vessel Computers.

Eron nods, sheepish.

ASHA (CONT'D)
I'm...wow. Husband did not tell me who I was meeting. I love your company, you do amazing things. I'm in the industry too.

Asha is fangirling a bit.

GREY
It's why he lives here and we don't.

ERON
You're the one with the beautiful girl by your side.

He instantly regrets saying this. Grey tosses a set of car keys at Eron, who doesn't put his hands up to catch them. They hit him in the chest and fall to the ground.

Grey scoops them up and hands them over.

GREY
Sorry. Take it easy in her. The car I mean. That engine can crank.

ERON
I won't be doing that.

GREY
You can have some fun, just don't wrap yourself around a friggin' tree is all.

ERON
No I mean I literally can't drive. I don't have a license.

GREY
You don't...

ERON
I have an automate. I don't need a license.

GREY
Then why...you never told me that.

ERON
It's the body I'm into, not the brains. I want to see if I can replace the engine with a computer.

GREY
That car is a thing of beauty, you can't *gut it*.

ERON
I'll show you what would replace it.

He walks away and they stand there, perplexed.

11 **INT. ATRIUM, ERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 11

Eron leads the befuddled pair through the space, past a four poster, king-sized bed.

ERON
(to Asha)
So Grey told me you work for Cobolt Computers? Making prosthetic limbs. That's an interesting field. I've looked into it myself.

ASHA
Yeah, we've been working with wounded soldiers. It's great. We're nothing like Vessel yet, but we're getting there.

ERON
No, you're not.

12 **INT. OFFICE, ERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 12

Eron, Grey and Asha step into a lighted section of the space with a wooden slab hanging from the ceiling as a desk.

ERON
I've been working on this for ten years.

GREY
You've been working on this since you were two years old?

Asha slaps Grey's arm playfully.

ERON
I've been working on it since I was thirteen.

Eron is deadpan. They realize he is serious. He raises a narrow glass tube. Inside it are four thin prongs, holding in place a tiny black microchip.

ERON (CONT'D)
I'd like to introduce you to my present and the rest of the world's future. It's called Stem.

GREY
Wow. Impressive.

ASHA
What does it do?

ERON
Literally anything. It can drive anything, talk to anything, calculate anything. It's a new, better brain.

ASHA
You're going to replace the engine with it?

ERON
As I said, it can do anything.

GREY
Can it make babies or play football?

ERON
What?

GREY
Can it make babies or play football?

ERON
It can do things that benefit society.

GREY
So it can't do anything.

ASHA
You know what he means, Grey.

GREY
I'm just saying. Some things people do better. You look at that widget and see the future, I see ten guys on an unemployment line.

ERON
I'm sure when the car was invented there were people in the horse and cart business who felt they were being run over.

GREY
Right. You know, my job used to be drivin' a freight crane, until eight months ago they decided a computer could do it better. Twenty of us replaced overnight, by something like that thing.

ERON
It's hard for a human to compete with a computer. They don't take sick days. They don't need weekends off.

GREY
They also can't have a beer with you at the end of the day.

ASHA
Maybe it's a good thing that they're not drinking beer at the end of the day?

Grey's stumped. Eron smiles. Checkmate.

13 **EXT. CITY SCAPE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING** 13

Serpentine freeways wind around the brilliantly lit city.

14 **INT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING** 14

Asha's car is driving itself.

ASHA
You should try not to argue with that guy. He's your last paying customer.

GREY
I was always good with cars. Fixing them. Racing them.

Grey reaches up and absently runs his fingers over the steering wheel. The car's computer chirps.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Please do not touch the steering wheel while the car is in motion.

GREY
What am I gonna do while his god damned chip is changing the world?

ASHA
Sit back and enjoy the ride?

She kisses him. He smiles.

ASHA (CONT'D)
You know, there are some benefits to not having to keep your eyes on the road.

He grins. They undo their seat belts, lying back. The dashboard computer BLIPS, the screen stuttering.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Please put your seat belts on.

Grey stops kissing Asha, staring at her.

GREY
The only thing that ever changed the world for me was a flesh and blood person. One woman.

They resume kissing. A ringtone chimes pleasantly throughout the car. They are too preoccupied to notice.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Jeff Handley from Cobolt calling.

Asha's arm stretches out, accidentally hitting the touchscreen display. An image of a man, HANDLEY (37) appears.

HANDLEY (V.O.)
Asha? Are you there?

ASHA
Oh no...I answered it.

GREY
Let's let him watch.

Asha giggles. Holds a finger to her lips.

GREY (CONT'D)
What? Can't we let him have some fun?

She covers Grey's mouth.

HANDLEY (V.O.)
Asha? I just wanna know if you're still submitting that report. I really don't know if you should go against us on this one, it --

His voice dissolves into electronic hiss. The screen cuts out.

ASHA
Thank God.

The dash BLIPS and the car turns right.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Leaving 101 freeway.

15 **EXT. FREEWAY EXIT BRIDGE, NEW CROWN - NIGHT** 15

Asha's car takes a freeway exit, turning a corner. The headlights blaze across a sign that says NEW CROWN.

16 **INT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING** 16

The nav readout on the dashboard stutters and the display screens blink and switch to 'window' mode. Through the side of the car and the screen in the ceiling, we can see poorly lit streets whipping by.

Rows of tents and makeshift shelters are lined up along the sidewalks.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Turning left at Third.

Grey raises his head, curious.

GREY
Wait, honey...where are we?

ASHA
Just let it do its thing.

GREY
This isn't right.

ASHA
She’s probably taking us around the traffic.

GREY
No, I know this neighborhood. I grew up here. This is New Crown. It’s the opposite direction from our house.

Asha sits up, frustrated. Grey taps the electronic display on the dash.

GREY (CONT’D)
How do you turn this thing around?

ASHA
Tell it to.

GREY
Turn around.

ASHA
Kara, take us home.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I’m sorry. There has been an error.

ASHA
Return to the freeway. Destination home.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I’m sorry. There has been an error.

ASHA
What?

GREY
Stop. Stop the car now.

ASHA
Press the brake twice.

Grey does - but it makes no difference.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Turning right at Hayden.

The car jerks into a hard right turn, throwing Asha against the door.

ASHA
Jesus!

Enraged, Grey pumps the brake.

GREY
God damn it! Stop, stop now!

The car suddenly lurches up to a high speed, racing towards 120 miles per hour.

The steering wheel wrenches into a hard turn, the car fish-tailing around a corner, flinging Grey and Asha around.

The car is at 130mph now. They HURTLE towards a half finished CONSTRUCTION SITE.

Grey grips the seat head, wrapping a seat belt around Asha and snapping it into the buckle only seconds before -- the front left wheel hits a railing and LAUNCHES the car into the AIR.

For a second it arcs silently through the night air, spinning upside down...before WALLOPING DOWN onto the road with the sickening sound of metal on gravel.

17 **EXT. NORTH WHARF ROAD - NIGHT** 17

The automated car sits on its roof, headlights stabbing out at a dead end spit of land that sits below a bridge. Spread across it is a colony of homeless people. Skeletal figures picking through trash. Defeated bodies hunched over in wheelchairs. Their tents and house structures are lit from within by candle light, giving an amber glow to the whole scene.

It looks more like a refugee camp in war torn Africa than a first world city. Showy skyscrapers loom behind them in the distance like giant middle fingers to all the misery.

18 **INT. ASHA'S CAR - NIGHT** 18

Grey blinks, blood dribbling down his forehead. He's a mess, twisted. Their bodies are suspended upside down in the car.

Asha is okay, saved by the seat belt.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
There has been an accident. Please remain seated until further instructions.

They hear a car pull up next to theirs. From their view, the doors open and FOUR PAIRS OF BOOTS clamber out and crunch across beads of glass to their car. A distinctive pair of MILITARY BOOTS comes right up to the window and the figure stoops down, peering in through the fractured windows at them. He is wearing a **RED SKI-MASK**. Let's call him FISK.

Another man wearing a mask leans down into Grey's window. He is AFRICAN AMERICAN. His name is Tolan.

TOLAN
You can't hang around in a bad neighborhood like this, guys.

Fisk cuts Asha's seat belt free and hauls her out into the street.

19 **EXT. NORTH WHARF ROAD - NIGHT** 19

Grey's bleeding body is dragged from the car by the other three men. They are also wearing ski-masks, these ones black. A gun held by the one assailant is strange looking. This is WEN.

Asha is moved away by the Wiry Man. Her shirt is unbuttoned, her bra showing. Fisk stares at her, entranced.

TOLAN
Damn, what were you guys in the middle of? That is unsafe.

GREY
Take our cards, my wallet, you can have it all.

TOLAN
Thanks for your permission, sir.

Fisk grins at the joke but keeps his eyes trained on Asha. Studying her. She won't look at him.

FISK
Don't be scared. Everything always turns out okay for people like you.

He opens her shirt a little and she swats his hand away.

GREY
Don't touch her!

Grey charges forward. Wen WHIPS him across the face with his gun and Grey melts onto the gravel.

He turns to look up at his attacker, spotting a GANG TATTOO inked onto his arm. Tolan sits on Grey's back, pinning him down. He wrenches off Grey's wedding ring, then fishes a wallet out of his back pocket.

TOLAN
Actual money. I respect that.

The fourth assailant, SERK, glances up at a DRONE, circling overhead in the night sky like a robotic wasp. He seems very nervous. More so than the others. Twitchy.

SERK
We're on TV, assholes. Hurry.

Fisk's eyes glint with rage over the mask. Asha looks away.

ASHA
Just take our money and go.

Fisk takes his mask off, revealing a sharp, gaunt face. His hair is combed in a Nazi-esque way, cropped short.

SERK
What are you doing, don't take that off!

When Fisk speaks, he is quiet.

FISK
You look at me and see a real piece of shit on your shoe, don't you? A learned woman like yourself, looking down on an uneducated insect like me.

He grabs Asha's chin and forces her to look at him.

FISK (CONT'D)
But you didn't know I was better than you. *More* than you. The truth is *you're* the insect, and I'm evolved.

Fisk calmly raises his arm and a muzzle blast goes off in Asha's chest, hitting her in the heart.

GREY
NOOOOOOOO!!!!

Grey SCREAMS WITH ANIMAL RAGE AND BUCKS to his feet. The assailant sitting on him topples, off guard.

Grey BOLTS at Fisk, teeth gritted in fury. Wen TACKLES Grey and they smash onto the road, wrestling, almost touching Asha's crumpled body.

The other three muggers seems shocked. Serk yanks his mask off. He has a young face, wide eyes. Fisk ambles over to Grey.

FISK
(to Wen)
Permission to take over, sir?

WEN
Of course.

Wen hands Fisk the strange gun. Fisk squats and wrenches Grey's shirt down, pressing the strange gun to Grey's upper spine. Fires it once with a charged BANG.

Serk reaches into the wreckage of Asha's car and scoops up her hand bag. He fishes a COBOLT ID TAG out of it, then barrels into their black car with the others. The car coughs to life and SCREECHES away.

Grey lies motionless. He struggles to move his hand, reaching for Asha's hand, mere inches away.

His fingers will not move. His body will not move.

He stares into Asha's eyes. She turns her head, choking on blood. Bleeding out. They lock eyes.

GREY
Asha...baby...please...please...

Grey watches her slip away. She becomes still.

A handful of shabby, homeless figures emerge from the darkness, creeping closer to Grey and Asha. Curious. One of them bends down and prods Grey.

A WAVE of TURQUOISE WATER comes rolling towards them, TWO DOLPHINS leaping out of it. The wave retreats and reveals a pristine bank of sunlit white sand. The words '**COBOLT COMPUTERS - THE NEW WAVE**' appear above the image.

It's a large scale hologram advertisement. A siren screams as a POLICE CAR drives THROUGH the hologram. A black police DRONE hovers above the scene, lowering down towards them.

Two masked and militarized police officers leap from the car, whipping the homeless figures with night sticks. Beating them off as if they were vultures picking at a corpse. One of the officers leans over Grey, who chokes out words through sobs.

GREY (CONT'D)
Is she alive? Is she?

The cops say nothing, checking her vitals.

GREY (CONT'D)
No...no...no...

A siren screams in the distance.

GREY (CONT'D)
I can't feel anything...I can't feel my arms or legs...

The police say nothing. We MOVE AWAY from the scene, our perspective breaking off its axis and SPINNING --

20 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT** 20

-- landing us in an ICU unit. Grey is draped across a gurney, a broken figure. Eyes taped shut, head encased in a brace.

We PUSH IN on him as various nurses check on the equipment surrounding him. One woman stays with him as a constant - his mother, PAMELA TRACE (60s).

A HISPANIC FEMALE DETECTIVE enters the room, notebook and pencil in hand. She shows Grey her badge and talks to him - but we CANNOT hear what she is saying. All we hear is what Grey hears - the drone of infinity. Of loss. Of death.

FADE TO BLACK

21 **EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 21

There are no cars in the driveway.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Three months later.

22 **INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 22

NURSE HENDERSON (27) tours Grey around his own house. He is clad in a track suit, slumped in an expensive looking wheelchair. He now sports a full beard. Ramps have been installed where steps used to be. Pamela trails behind both of them.

NURSE HENDERSON
You'll see the ramps here, they're all throughout the house. You won't recognize the place. We've been busy while you've been in the hospital.

She leads him into the kitchen and gestures to the computer screen interface that controls Grey's new kitchen, giving Grey instructions on how to use it.

NURSE HENDERSON (CONT'D)
The kitchen is now completely voice activated. Everything that has been installed allows you to live a more normal life.

Grey's face is a stone mask of spiritual emptiness. The nurse indicates a device that has been fixed to Grey's kitchen counter.

NURSE HENDERSON (CONT'D)
There is equipment for giving you medication, feeding you.

She gestures to a pair of ROBOTIC ARMS that have been installed above the sink.

NURSE HENDERSON (CONT'D)
These automated, robotic arms are fully capable of preparing meals for you. So let's say you wanted a protein shake, you'd just say 'protein shake'.

Grey is a long way away.

NURSE HENDERSON (CONT'D)
So, say "protein shake".
(long beat)
You have to say it, I can't. It's imprinted to recognize your voice only.

Grey says nothing.

NURSE HENDERSON (CONT'D)
(giving up)
Well, anyway. There's a lot they can do.

Pamela fills the silence.

PAMELA
I think we'll be okay, we'll call you if we get into trouble. I've got a few things I need to get, I'll walk you out nurse.

23 **INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 23

Grey steers his wheelchair into the living room. He turns his head and the chair moves in the direction he gestures to. He's still getting used to it.

The lights come on as he enters.

24 **INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 24

Grey directs his wheelchair into the kitchen. Stops and stares into the empty space.

The kitchen interface lights up.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Are you there, Grey? Would you like something? Where is Asha?

EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sun peeks over the horizon.

25 **INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 25

The house is quiet and dark.

Grey is lying in bed, wide awake, staring at the ceiling. A mechanical hoist and harness hovers next to the bed. A noise alerts him. He turns his head and stares.

The door opens, revealing PAMELA.

PAMELA
Morning honey.

GREY
You don't need to be here every single day, mom. These machines they installed can do pretty much everything for me.

She approaches him and hugs him. They hold onto it.

26 **INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER** 26

Grey is lying across his bed, a sheet pulled up to his waist. He is naked. Pamela takes a phone earpiece out of Grey's ear and turns him onto his side.

She washes his back with a sponge. Grey makes a choking sound and his mother sits him upright.

She scoops saliva out of his mouth, freeing his airway with two fingers.

PAMELA
I'm sorry honey. It's okay. You're okay.

27 **INT. BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 27

Pamela trims Grey's beard with a pair of scissors. As she cuts, Grey's wall of stoicism cracks. He breaks down, sobbing into Pam's shoulder.

28 **OMITTED** 28

29 **EXT. CITY SOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING** 29

A grand, imposing brick building, built in the early nineteen hundreds, topped by a recently built honeycomb structure.

Black drones marked with POLICE ascend from the honeycomb.

30 **EXT. ENTRANCE, CITY SOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY** 30

Throngs of people, nearly all of them wearing masks (surgical or otherwise), shuffle past the building on the way to work.

A female detective, JANE CORTEZ (30), is leaning against the brick wall (she is the detective who visited Grey in the hospital). Three militarized and masked police officers gather near her. One of them stares her up and down then comments quietly to the other two, who both look over. Cortez looks away, waving at a passing child not wearing a mask. Grey and Pamela approach her through the crowd.

PAMELA
Hi Jane.

CORTEZ
Hi Pam. Hey Grey.

PAMELA
How are you?

CORTEZ
I'm okay, ma'am. Working hard, doing what I can you know? You cut your hair, I like it.

PAMELA
Oh. Thank you. You noticed.

CORTEZ
I make it my business to notice. Come on, I'll make this as painless as possible. Not an easy task in this building.

31 **INT. MAIN BULLPEN, CITY SOUTH POLICE STATION - DAY** 31

A large room with old bones.

Rows and rows of inert 'cops' are stationed in chairs, each one wearing a VR headset. Cortez, Pamela and Grey wander past them all.

PAMELA
What are they doing?

CORTEZ
Operating drones. Apparently it's called police work.

PAMELA
Not a fan?

CORTEZ
Girl, don't get me started. I don't wanna use curse words in front of you.

Cortez leads Grey and Pamela to her desk, which is a tribute to the detective's of old times. A magnifying glass is displayed on it, along with a reel-to-reel recorder. A clear computer monitor takes up most of it. She takes a seat.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
You know I grew up in New Crown, Grey, like you. Went to Hellier High.

GREY
Go Bobcats.

CORTEZ
You're damn right go Bobcats. Where did you go?

GREY
Lincoln.

CORTEZ
I wish I had gone to Lincoln. Better looking student body.

PAMELA
He wasn't too interested in school, but he stayed out of trouble. Didn't you? Even when we didn't have much, he was a good kid.

CORTEZ
Credit to you then for raising him right.

GREY
(abrupt; to Cortez)
So, what have you got for me?

CORTEZ
Okay. I know you were anxious to come up here and see how we're getting things done. And I think that's great. I'm a face to face person myself. I don't pilot a drone. I get my hands dirty and I bang on doors.

GREY
So who are these guys?

CORTEZ
We don't know yet. I have a list of people of interest in that area --

GREY
So you have all these things flying around that read the ID chips in our fillings but they don't actually work?

CORTEZ
No. I mean, yes they work but it's not that simple. Criminals can find ways around them. A few hundred bucks will get you a firewall. But it doesn't matter. I'm gonna find these jackers --

GREY
Look, I'm not the smartest guy in any room but they weren't "jackers" Detective, they fucked with our car. They took over the nav and the steering in it. You think some carjacker asshole can do that?

CORTEZ
I've factored that into my investigation, believe me. Look, this couldn't be more personal for me. I'm gonna work through my list of names and I'm gonna find these guys.

GREY
Just because I can't tie my own shoes anymore doesn't mean you have to lie to me like I'm a god damn three year old.

CORTEZ
I'm not lying to you, Grey. I understand your --

GREY
What do you understand? Do you understand what it's like to not be able to move anymore? To have to use a machine to get out of fucking bed? To have the only person who could make you want to get out of bed shot dead in front of you?

Cortez has nothing to say. Grey's pain affects her.

PAMELA
She's just trying to help.

GREY
Everybody's trying to help but nobody is.

32 **OMITTED** 32

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Grey stares around his empty house, shrouded in shadow. His char whirs towards the device on his kitchen counter and the counter lights up.

Grey lines up his chair so that his arm is directly under a mechanical slide that gives him needles.

GREY
Medication, PM.

A needle protrudes from the slide and lowers, injecting Grey's arm.

GREY (CONT'D)
Problem. Medication PM, again.

The needle lowers again, injecting him once more.

GREY (CONT'D)
Problem. Didn't work. Medication PM, again.

The needle lowers, giving him one more injection. Grey's eyes glaze over.

GREY (CONT'D)
Medication PM, again.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
I cannot administer any more medication. Grey.

GREY
You aren't doing it right, it's not going in. Again.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Another dosage could be fatal. I will contact an ambulance to transport you to a hospital.

Grey passes out onto the floor.

33 **INT. GREY'S ROOM, ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - DAY** 33

Harsh sunlight streams through the windows. Grey is splayed across a gurney in a drab hospital room. Another figure enters, wearing a surgical mask. Stares at Grey.

GREY
Need something?

The figure removes the mask. It is Eron.

GREY (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna give you bird flu.

ERON
I don't leave the house very much.

Grey looks away.

ERON (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
Must be frustrating for a guy like you to be in this condition.
(beat; struggling)
What I mean is, you're someone who liked to get things done with your hands and now you can't.

Grey turns back to him. Are you serious?

ERON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That was blunt. The words compute in my head but then they come out of my mouth and they're somehow inappropriate.

GREY
It's okay. I like blunt. For the past few months, I've been drowned in positivity. That's the thing about becoming a C4 quadriplegic - everybody becomes the best version of themselves around you. All the assholes of the world just disappear.

ERON
Your condition gives people clarity. They see your struggle and they realize they've spent their whole lives griping about meaningless bullshit.

GREY
I shouldn't be an inspiration to anybody. When there's no more assholes left in the world, you quickly become the last one.

ERON
I wouldn't know. I'm not around people enough to know the difference between an asshole and a non-asshole.

GREY
Here's the difference: what do you want? Why are you here?

ERON
Grey, what if I told you I could offer you something that would allow you to walk again?

Grey is silent. That's permission to continue.

ERON (CONT'D)
That computer chip I showed you. It has the potential to change everything for people in your condition.

GREY
Your widget would teach me how to walk?

ERON
Actually the widget would do the walking for you. It would be inserted into your spinal cord. As a quadriplegic, the line connecting your brain to your limbs has been cut. Stem would bridge that gap.

A long beat. Grey stares at Eron, taking it all in.

ERON (CONT'D)
The operation would be performed at my home. No hospitals. It would have to be our secret. For now.

GREY
You wanna use one of your computers to try and help me live again...but if you really wanted to help, you'd use one of them to let me die.

ERON
You know, you were right about them. Computers. There are things they can't do.
(beat)
They can't bring her back, Grey...but they just might be able to bring *you* back.

34 **EXT. ERON'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY** 34

The morning sun bleeds through the rocks at Eron’s front door.

35 **INT. LAB, ERON'S HOUSE - DAY** 35

An undulating pod of wood forms Eron’s lab.

Grey lies on his stomach, out cold, strapped onto a steel operating slab. A female surgeon, DR. DIANA GORDON (33), stands over Grey with three assistants. Eron stands at the back of the room.

Dr. Gordon approaches and Eron hands her a glass tube.

Inside the tube is a black computer chip, the size of a fingernail.

It is the same chip we saw in Eron’s safe - STEM.

IN TIME LAPSE - we see the painstaking operation. Muscle and tendons are cut away to reveal Grey’s brain stem -- Dr. Gordon inserts the computer chip into his neck.

36 **INT. LAB, ERON'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER** 36

Groggy. Grey’s eye’s peel open, blinking in the white light.

He is sitting in his wheelchair, clad in a post-surgery smock. Eron and Dr. Gordon are there with two other technicians.

DR. GORDON
It’s going to feel strange initially. The neural pathways in your brain are now trying to have a conversation with a foreign body, trying to learn to pass the baton.

The doctor prods his legs.

DR. GORDON (CONT’D)
Do you feel anything?

GREY
Nope.

DR. GORDON
Try moving the little finger on your right hand.

Grey glares down at it. Willing it to move. Nothing.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)
My guess is that this is going to be a piecemeal process. You shouldn't be expecting unreasonable results so soon.

ERON
Please don't talk.

CLOSE ON Grey. His eyes drill his hand.

Then it happens. Grey's finger moves. It curls inward. The other fingers follow and make a complete fist.

DR. GORDON
With this technology, the key is to let it grow into itself. Never before has a bio-mechanical fusion been asked to do so much.

As she says this, Grey raises his right arm above his head. The doctor wheels around and sees him. Her mouth drops open.

Eron whoops like a teenager at a concert. There has never been a human being so happy.

ERON
Try your other arm.

Grey glares at his other arm, concentrating. His left arm raises very slowly.

DR. GORDON
This is...definitely unexpected.

ERON
Yes doctor, the 'Department Of Lame Ways To Summarize World Changing Events' is down the hall to the left. Thanks for your time.

Grey lowers his arm, amazed. Grinning. Eron approaches, fascinated. Studying Grey like a zoo animal.

ERON (CONT'D)
Now try and stand up.

Grey concentrates. Everyone holds their breath.

And then it happens. We RISE with him as he stands. His posture is different - he is more rigid, more perfect.

He takes tentative steps...moving forward slowly.

DR. GORDON
His limbs have atrophied, no one should expect him to be running marathons just yet.

ERON
I don’t expect anything in this world, doctor, other than the deflating negativity of the medical profession.

37 **INT. LIVING ROOM, ERON'S HOUSE - LATER** 37

Grey moves his arms in wonderment. There is a subtly inhuman quality to his body movements below the neck; too precise and fluid.

GREY
I...can’t believe this...so who’s moving my arms and legs? Me or the widget?

ERON
You’re the one doing it all. You’re not a robot. Understand that. Stem works in service of your brain. Your brain gives Stem a command and he makes it happen.

Grey walks forward towards a TREADMILL unit using two steel forearm crutches, emblazoned with the VESSEL logo.

The treadmill belt moves at a slow pace but Grey is tentative. He dips his leg down. Apprehensive.

He lowers his toes again, getting the speed of the belt under his feet. Then he let’s go of the crutches.

He falls instantly, SLAMMING down onto the treadmill. Eron and the female tech rush over, helping him up.

Eron waves his hand and an image of ASHA materializes on a monitor in front of the treadmill. Grey resents the tactic.

GREY
I just realized you’re not some nervous kid who stumbled into billions of dollars cos you had the right hobby. You’re actually a ruthless little bastard aren’t you?

Eron says nothing. Grey clambers back onto the treadmill.

GREY (CONT’D)
Turn it on.

ERON
(to his tech)
Do it.

The belt on the treadmill whirs. Grey lowers his feet to it. They touch...and then they take.

Grey is running.

38 **INT. LAB/REHABILITATION GYM, ERON'S HOUSE - LATER** 38

Eron holds up a tablet and a pen.

ERON
I'll need to see you every other day. It's going to be arduous.

Grey takes the pen and tablet.

ERON (CONT'D)
Signing confidentiality contracts is never fun but I'll bet it feels good to do it with your own hands.

Grey signs. His signature is almost too perfect.

GREY
Can I at least tell my mom about this? It would --

ERON
(deadly serious)
No. No. Don't just listen to me, hear what I'm saying. Them. They. Doctors. Police. The government. Pick your bloated bureaucracy. They're slow. They spell check lists while people die in the street. They make people like me wait years to test something. Why? Because making people like me wait is their only function. I can't wait for them. Not with this. Right now you're an illegal miracle.
(beat)
Nobody can know. Today was a great day for you but what happens tomorrow? The day after that? I need to be sure you can really walk before I parade you in their faces.

39 **INT. KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 39

Grey enters his pristine kitchen, slumped in his wheelchair.

The computer interface that controls his kitchen recognizes his presence and comes alive.

Grey grips the sides of his wheelchair and STANDS UP. He takes a tentative step towards the computer, using his two walking crutches.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Hello Grey. Would you like a --

GREY
Shut up.

KARA/COMPUTER VOICE
Did you say shut down?

GREY
Yes.

The computer shuts itself down. Grey smiles and reaches into one of the cabinets with his own arms. Retrieves a bottle of twenty year old Scotch. Doles out a glass and swigs it all.

For the first time in a long time, he smiles. Pours himself another glass and downs it.

Grey WHIPS around, hearing the voice of his mother.

PAMELA (O.S.)
Anyone home?

Grey LEAPS back into his wheelchair as his mother tromps up the hall. He throws his crutches into a closet.

Grey's body goes limp. Pamela enters.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
Hi honey. Want me to make you something?

GREY
No. Actually, I've asked to have a more full time nurse here. I won't need you around as much anymore.

Pamela looks hurt.

PAMELA
Oh. Okay. If that's what you want.

GREY
Yeah. It's just easier if it's someone else doing it all.

40 **INT. LAB/REHABILITATION GYM, ERON'S HOUSE - DAY** 40

A TRAINING MONTAGE. Eron watches as Grey uses a skipping rope. Drinks a glass of water. Sits down on a chair.

41 **INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 41

Grey enters the room in his wheelchair, rising from it. A police evidence box sits on his lap.

He rips the box open and a small zip drive falls out of it. He is unsure what to do with it. He approaches the dining table, which lights up like a screen surface.

Text rolls across the table - DRIVE PORT HERE. Struggling, Grey finally finds the tiny drive port, inserting the drive.

The table is taken up by a screen - showing DRONE FOOTAGE of his wife's murder.

He flicks his hand and the screen moves to the wall. Grey studies it, haunted by the footage of his wife's death.

42 **EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER** 42

The city gleams behind the house.

43 **INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 43

Grey paces. He collapses onto the couch, reading papers from the police report. Pinches the bridge of his nose, spent.

He's done. He wanders into the kitchen, where the bottle of scotch is still lying out. Tips himself a big glass.

STEM (V.O.)
May I point something out?

Grey whips around. Not a soul but him in the room.

GREY
Hello?

STEM (V.O.)
Yes.

Grey looks bewildered. He glares at the kitchen interface. It does not respond.

GREY
Who is saying that?

STEM (V.O.)
I am Stem, the system operating your body for you.

The voice is calm, nuanced. More human than any other computer voice we've heard in this universe.

GREY
Can anybody else hear you?

STEM (V.O.)
No. Only you. I'm sending sound waves to your eardrum.

Grey is dumbfounded. Nervous.

STEM (V.O.)
Don’t be afraid.

GREY
Are you kidding me?

STEM (V.O.)
I am unable to joke with you.

GREY
It’s hard not to be worried when I can hear a voice in my head. We call that insanity. Can you read my mind?

STEM (V.O.)
I can receive signals from your nerve endings but I cannot discern speech unless you talk out loud.

GREY
So have you just been sitting there the whole time since the operation?

STEM (V.O.)
I’ve been observing everything you’ve observed.

GREY
Do you have to talk?

STEM (V.O.)
If you don’t want me to I will not.

GREY
Okay so...don’t talk.

There is silence. Grey downs the scotch. He moves across the room to the couch, sitting down on it. A long beat.

GREY (CONT’D)
What was it you were gonna point out?
(beat)
You can talk again.

STEM (V.O.)
On the drone surveillance footage. Can’t you see it?

Grey hoists himself up, moving over to the wall. The footage of Asha’s murder plays on a loop.

GREY
See what?

STEM (V.O.)
There is no gun in his hand.

GREY
She was *shot*. That means he had a gun.

STEM (V.O.)
She *was* shot - but not with a gun he was holding in his hand. A gun implanted inside his hand.
(beat)
Touch the screen.

Grey leans in close to the image, touching it. It FREEZES at the moment when the Wiry Man fires the gun.

Grey sees that the muzzle flash licks out of the Wiry Man's hand, but that it appears to be coming straight from his palm.

Grey trembles, shaken to the bone by the fact that a voice in his own head is questioning everything he thought he knew.

STEM (V.O.)
The man who took Asha's hand bag. In the left of frame.

Grey leans in again, watching the jerky image of one of the assailants squat down and retrieve a blurred object from Asha's car.

STEM (V.O.)
There is a marking on his wrist.

Grey squints at the figure on the left of the screen. The image is far too washed out to see anything but a slight black dot on his wrist.

GREY
I don't see it.

STEM (V.O.)
Get closer.

Grey obeys. FROM HIS POV - the screen enlarges as we CLOSE IN on it, the pixels bleeding outwards and becoming huge. The dots within dots that comprise the image become images themselves - we are now INSIDE the screen itself.

The marking on the assailants wrist takes shape - a TATTOO.

STEM (V.O.)
Get a pen and paper. Draw it.

GREY
I can't draw.

STEM (V.O.)
Yes you can.

OUT OF POV - an astonished Grey races to the coffee table, plucking up a notepad and pen. He watches as his hand slashes at the paper - the quick strokes of a skilled illustrator.

Within seconds, he has sketched out a perfect BARCODE.

GREY
I've seen these...it's a military tattoo. A guy who used to drive cranes with me has one.

STEM (V.O.)
I will read it. Hold it in front of your eye.

Grey holds the barcode up in front of his eye.

STEM (V.O.)
Serk Brantner. Marine Corps. 098-422. O-Positive. Catholic.

GREY
Jesus...you just...you just found this guy.

Grey inserts an earpiece into his left ear.

GREY (CONT'D)
I need a phone number and an address. Brantner, Serk.

The screen on the wall turns white, searching through a long list of phone numbers - finally narrowing it down to one:

Brantner, Serk. 414 Citrus, New Crown. 919 821 8484.

GREY (CONT'D)
New Crown. I got you, you son of a bitch. Okay, what do I do now? I should call Detective Cortez, right?

STEM (V.O.)
What evidence do you have?

GREY
You saw the tattoo.

STEM (V.O.)
Eron has forbidden you to tell anyone about me.

GREY
Maybe I drew it from memory...

STEM (V.O.)
Currently only fifty three per cent of murders lead to an arrest and a conviction through the judicial system in this country.

GREY
What are you saying?

STEM (V.O.)
You need to be positive it's him before you alert the police.

Grey stalks towards the front door.

STEM (V.O.)
You should use your wheelchair when going outside, Grey. There are drones in the sky.

GREY
I'll wear a hat.

STEM (V.O.)
Stay in your chair. Take an Autotaxi. Think about what may happen if you find this person. Your wheelchair is the best protection you have.

44 **EXT. CITRUS AVE HOUSE - DAY** 44

The neglected streets of New Crown; dilapidated houses whose best years are long behind them.

Grey lurks in his wheelchair, spying across the road at a crumbling single story house. A tattered American flag sways in front of it.

A lone male exits the house, locking up. He jumps into a car parked in the drive. The man is stocky. Dark hair.

GREY
I gotta remember the license plate.

STEM (V.O.)
I've logged it already.

The car rolls past.

Grey steers his wheelchair across the street. We FOLLOW HIM to the FRONT PORCH of the house. There is a set of three stairs leading up to the door. That literally stops him in his tracks.

Grey looks around, then gets out of his chair. He hauls the chair up onto the porch. Jerks on the door handle. Locked.

He knocks on the door. He waits, glancing around for onlookers. He knocks again, hard and loud.

No answer.

Grey takes out a small tool, like a lock pick, shoving it into the lock. He jiggles it around and the door CLICKS open.

45 **INT. ENTRY WAY, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - DAY** 45

Grey treads inside.

STEM (V.O.)
Remove your shoes.

Grey complies, wrenching his work boots off. He drags his wheelchair inside and troops stealthily into the living room.

Amongst the squalor, there are random symbols of wealth lying around - a large flat screen TV, expensive speakers.

He keeps moving to a messy glass table, junk scattered on it.

STEM (V.O.)
Say the word on.

GREY
On.

A computer screen image materializes on the table surface.

STEM (V.O.)
Say messages.

GREY
I know what to say. Messages.

A list of TEXT MESSAGES appear on the table. Grey scrolls through them, stopping at the name FISK.

TEXT MESSAGE ON SCREEN: MEET AT OLD BONES @ 9

STEM (V.O.)
The name ‘Old Bones’ keeps being mentioned. I saw thirty eight references. What is that?

GREY
It’s a bar. In my old neighborhood.

STEM (V.O.)
I can find no online address or phone number for it.

GREY
They don't go in for that kind of thing.

46 **INT. KITCHEN, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - DAY** 46

Grey stalks into the kitchen.

A baby walker is wedged into the corner. Grey fiddles with the plastic toys dangling from it, then glances down a short hall.

47 **INT. BEDROOM, CITRUS AVE HOUSE - DAY** 47

Sirens wail outside as Grey rifles through the mans closet. Through shirts and other mess.

He files past a MILITARY UNIFORM. Neatly pressed. Wreaks of pride.

And then he lands on a black SKI MASK. Exactly like the one the assailant who pistol whipped him was wearing. He glares at it. Proof.

48 **INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, CITRUS AVE HOUSE - DAY** 48

Grey enters the living room, stuffing the ski mask into his back pocket. The door suddenly buckles.

Someone is here.

Grey panics, drawing deep breaths.

STEM (V.O.)
Behind the shelf.

Grey leaps into a hiding spot behind the shelf by the front door.

It opens slowly. A figure enters.

This is SERK (32). He is muscular but doesn't look like a "thug". His expensive glasses frame his face more like a well built banker.

Grey's chest rises and falls. A bead of sweat dribbles down his forehead. He glances down - sees the BARCODE tattoo stamped on Serk's wrist.

RAGE darkens Grey's face. He raises his hands to attack Serk.

STEM (V.O.)
(calm, neutral)
Wait.

Serk wanders into the room. Grey is right behind him.

Grey's heart pounds. We hear it.

STEM (V.O.)
Wait.

Serk heads for he kitchen, then backs up when he spots the WHEELCHAIR. Idle and empty.

SERK
What the hell?

STEM (V.O.)
Now.

But Grey doesn't move. Paralyzed with fear.

STEM (V.O.)
Now or he'll see you.

Serk turns, spotting Grey and FLINCHING with fright.

He CHARGES at Grey. Grey puts his hands up to defend himself and they wrestle, staggering awkwardly across the living room. They clatter into the coffee table, SHATTERING IT. Beads of glass rain across the floor.

Grey is not a weak man, but his fighting style is messy and angry. Like a real person.

SERK
What the fuck do you want?

Serk easily overpowers Grey, gripping his throat and driving him into the --

49 **INT. KITCHEN, CITRUS AVE. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 49

-- kitchen area.

Serk smashes Grey's face down onto the counter, holding him there. Grey is unable to move, pinned down.

Serk studies Grey. Shock bleeds into his eyes as he realizes who it is.

SERK
You...I don't know how you found me but I know you shouldn't have come here.

GREY
You killed her!

Although he is holding Grey down, Serk seems apologetic. Saddened by the whole situation.

SERK
No. I didn't do that. That was someone else.

GREY
It doesn't matter.

Grey makes a final angry push, thrashing his way out of Serk's grip with a warcry. He throws a punch, but Serk blocks it and FLIPS Grey over onto the floor easily.

He digs his fingers into Grey's thorax, holding him on his knees. Grey is losing consciousness. Serk seems on the verge of tears.

SERK
Why are you making me do this?!

GREY
Stem...do something...help me.

STEM (V.O.)
I need your permission to temporarily operate independently.

GREY
(gasping for air)
Permission...granted.

And with that, Grey reaches up and bends two of Serk's fingers back, SNAPPING them. Serk screams and Grey calmly stands up, kicking Serk in the chest. Serk MISSILES BACKWARDS, WALLOPING into the far wall. Dazed.

He readies, nose bleeding, dazed and surprised. He hurls himself at Grey and flurries him with a series of hits. Grey blocks all of them easily. His fighting style is strange and stilted - there is no bounce to it. Every movement is direct and short, as if conserving energy. A machine-like way of fighting.

Much to his own bewilderment, Grey lands another short sharp hit on Serk. He flails back into the kitchen again and Grey steps towards him. Enraged, Serk seizes a glass from a nearby bench. He hay-makers the glass over his head. Grey clamps his arm and makes Serk BASH HIMSELF in the face with the glass.

Serk falters on the floor, struggling to stand up. We can almost see the birds circling his skull.

GREY (CONT'D)
He's gonna kill us. He's gonna get up and he's gonna kill us.

Stem grabs another plate and smashes it across Serk's head. Then another. And another.

GREY (CONT'D)
Oh man, that just made things worse. Now you really ticked him off.

Serk unsheathes a large cooking KNIFE from a knife holder.

Grey's expression of fear belies his sudden physical prowess. It's as if his face can't believe what his body is doing.

GREY (CONT'D)
He's got a knife. What do we do?

Serk shears the air with the blade, swiping at Grey.

Grey contracts his stomach and moves aside as Serk whips the blade back and forth.

GREY (CONT'D)
Stem, stop him!

Grey clamps Serk's wrist, stopping the blade inches from his face. He SPINS Serk around, forcing him onto his knees. The blade now hovers in front of Serk's own face.

Grey DRIVES HIS KNEE into the back of Serk's skull, the knife SLICING through the corners of his mouth.

Grey wrenches Serk's head one last time and the blade cuts through to the back of Serk's jaw with a CRUNCH, an arc of blood ribboning out onto the tiled floor.

Serk SHUDDERS in shocked befuddlement.

Gargling "What the fuck?" through his own blood.

He drops silently. A professional would be proud of this kill. A crimson pond forms around his head.

STEM (V.O.)
You now have full control again, Grey.

GREY
What did you do?

STEM (V.O.)
I stopped him.

Grey turns and vomits violently into the sink. Breathes hard, trying to keep from fainting.

STEM (V.O.)
I advise that you remove any traces of your presence here.

GREY
Gimme a minute...

He finally pushes himself up from the sink, squinting down at Serk's corpse. The pooling blood reaches the baby walker.

STEM (V.O.)
One minute has passed. Start by cleaning the --

GREY
I didn't mean one minute, I meant...just gimme a second.

STEM (V.O.)
One second has passed.

GREY
Shut up! I need to think. Not let you do the thinking for me.

He scans around, pacing. Panicked. Shaking.

GREY (CONT'D)
I just killed somebody...

STEM (V.O.)
It's not 'somebody'. It's one of the men who murdered your wife.

Grey's breathing slows. His shaking subsides. He has calmed.

GREY
Alright, whatta you suggest?

STEM (V.O.)
I would suggest that you rid the house of all of your fingerprints.

GREY
I can't remember everything I --

STEM (V.O.)
I have a record of every single thing you touched.

This stops Grey short. Calms him somehow.

50 **OMITTED** 50

51 **OMITTED** 51

52 **OMITTED** 52

53 **OMITTED** 53

54 **OMITTED** 54

55 **INT. LAB, ERON'S HOUSE - DAY** 55

Grey is WHALING on a speed bag. He seems distracted, tense. Eron appears, watching him. Grey doesn't stop boxing.

GREY
How long do I have to keep doing this for?

ERON
I can track you, Grey.

GREY
Huh?

ERON
I can track you.

GREY
You gonna tell me what that means or is this another brain test?

ERON
It means you have a piece of my property inside you. A very expensive piece of my property. Did you think I was going to let the piece of flesh that surrounds that property out of my sight for even one second?

Grey glances at him, keeps up the boxing.

ERON (CONT'D)
This morning I saw a news report about a murder at a home in New Crown. Happened yesterday, around three PM. I know you're the one who did it. I watched you go to that house on a tracking screen.

Grey stops punching, looking at Eron. A long beat.

ERON (CONT'D)
Did you forget that this operation has been done in secret? That if even the slightest thing goes wrong during this trial period, it's all over? That if you were to, say, commit murder, the authorities could find out about Stem and remove him from your body, putting you back in a wheelchair for life?

GREY
I didn't forget. You wanted me to keep your secret. But you had your own little secrets. You didn't tell me this thing talks. I can hear its voice in my head. When were you going to tell me about that, huh?

Eron seems surprised.

ERON
Stem talks to you?

GREY
Yeah. A fun little side effect.

ERON
I'm learning, just like you are. Day by day. I called this exactly what it was, an experiment.

GREY
Yeah well, your experiment helped me find one of the guys who called Asha.

ERON
Then why didn't you call the police?! I've worked years for this and you're sticking your fist in it!

GREY
So what are you gonna do?

ERON
I'm not going to do anything. And from now on you will be a model patient. You will give over to this. You will let the computer do what it was supposed to do, not confuse it with some extra-curricular detective work.
(beat)
Just let it all go. Understand? Just let go.

56 **EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY** 56

A grim building in a sea of glass skyscrapers.

57 **INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY** 57

Ceiling lamps throw intermittent pools of light into this sterile cavern of death.

An Indian coroner, DR. BHATIA (55), leads Detective Cortez to Serk's body.

DR. BHATIA
So the body you brought in from New Crown yesterday? Serk Brantner?

CORTEZ
The flip-top head? Yeah, weird crime scene.

DR. BHATIA
Well, when I opened up the body it got even weirder.

Serk's corpse is spraddled on a morgue slab, his skin peeled open in various sections. Dr. Bhatia arches over the cadaver, prodding it with a scalpel.

DR. BHATIA (CONT'D)
I examine the wound in his throat and I find wiring embedded in the tendons. So I'm thinking surgery. A medical implant, attached to the muscle. Then I follow the wire's path...all the way to the left arm.

The left arm has been flayed open with tweezers.

Cortez sees it - metal. Living within the bed of bone and muscle is the BARREL OF A GUN.

CORTEZ
What is it?

DR. BHATIA
It appears to be some sort of weapon implant, embedded within the muscle. An actual functioning gun, built into the tissue around with bio-mechanics.

Cortez leans in close, stunned.

CORTEZ
This has gotta make wiping your ass kinda hazardous.

DR. BHATIA
I also found computer implants all throughout his chest. I've never seen them to this extent before.

CORTEZ
What about the boot print I scraped from the front porch?

DR. BHATIA
I'm showing you a technological marvel and you want to know about the boot print?

CORTEZ
I'm tricky like that.

DR. BHATIA
Engine grease, mostly. Old fashioned engine grease. And the tracks were from a wheelchair.

58 **INT. MAIN BULLPEN, POLICE STATION - DAY** 58

Cortez mulls over her desk. A readout glows across her computer monitor.

CORTEZ
Serk Brantner Homicide suspect list.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: **POSSIBLE SUSPECTS.**

A long list of names with matching photos scrolls down her monitor. Cortez sighs. She gets up and wanders over to another desk, fiddling with a VR headset. She seems unsure what to do with it. Slides it over her head.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Alley behind 414 Citrus Ave, New Crown, eleven PM, October sixteenth.

FROM CORTEZ' POV: IMAGES shimmer to life in the goggles. DRONE images similar to the footage of Asha's murder. This time, they display a shot of the STREET behind Serk's house. A TIMECODE counter at the bottom of the screen flickers. Then, at 4.14 PM, Cortez sees it.

A dark figure...exiting the street in a <u>WHEELCHAIR</u>.

Cortez moves back to her desk.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Enter suspect name Grey Trace. 202 Parva Avenue, Leland Park.

The computer thinks for a moment, until new information slashes across the screen.

GREY TRACE - ENTRY DOES NOT MATCH. QUADRIPLEGIC, C-4 BREAK. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL RECORDS 6.12.

Cortez reads the words. She touches her monitor and the text disappears. Then she gets up and leaves.

59 **INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 59

Grey paces. He fiddles with his watch.

STEM (V.O.)
That watch barely works. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get a new one?

GREY
You don't just throw something out because it's old. When something gets old, it might get creaky but it can tell you things. It carries the wisdom of everyone who owned it.

STEM (V.O.)
It's less efficient than something new.

GREY
New watches don't have character. They can't tell you anything but the time.

A knock at the door interrupts. Grey whirls, apprehensive. Darts to his wheelchair.

GREY (CONT'D)
Who is it?

CORTEZ (O.S.)
Detective Cortez.

Grey steers his wheelchair to the door. The door opens automatically. Cortez smiles.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Gloria a Dios. You know, I'm a lot like you Grey. I'm old fashioned. Cops like me are getting phased out by machines that don't make mistakes. This time next year, I probably won't have a job...but when I see your front door open, when I see you able to live a more normal life...I realize technology is not something to be afraid of, it's a gift from God.

GREY
You spend all day talking to people like me, people who've lost everything, and you still have faith in God?

CORTEZ
I have faith in people. Anyone else here?

GREY
Just me. Got any news for me?

CORTEZ
I'm sorry, I don't. I'm actually off duty right now. I just stopped by to check on you.
(beat)
And because...I'm in the market for a new car. An old car actually.

60 **INT. GARAGE, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 60

Cortez inspects the gleaming lines of the Mustang, grinning.

GREY
I guess you thought since I can't use it anymore you'd snap it up?

CORTEZ
I knew you fixed these cars up and sold them to people like Eron Keen. He makes a little more money than I do, but I was wondering if you'd sell to one of us regular folks?

Cortez spots a pair of BOOTS strewn on the floor, gazing at the tread on the bottom. Stained with oil.

STEM (V.O.)
She just checked the sole of your boots. You left a print.

CORTEZ
When I said before that I didn't have any news, I kind of lied. There was a guy we brought in for questioning about Asha's murder. A man with a long criminal record who lived in the area. He didn't pan out. But yesterday he was murdered.

GREY
Really?

CORTEZ
You hear anything about that?

STEM (V.O.)
I can't control anything above your neck. Don't look away. You're showing her that you're lying.

GREY
Nope.

CORTEZ
But you were in New Crown yesterday. I saw you on a surveillance camera. Right about the time it happened.

STEM (V.O.)
Tell her you were in the area investigating on your own.

GREY
I always go down there. You know that. Hoping for something to turn up.

CORTEZ
Right.

GREY
You can't seriously be suggesting that I had something to do with it?

CORTEZ
I wasn't suggesting anything.

GREY
I have a pretty solid alibi, in case you haven't noticed.

CORTEZ
Obviously. I'm not accusing you of doing something that you're incapable of doing. It's just strange that you were at that location at that time is all.

GREY
I don't know what to tell you. Stab me in the leg if you want to be sure.

CORTEZ
Maybe I will, just for fun.

GREY
Is that all?

CORTEZ
Yeah. I'm sorry to bother you. Call me if you think about selling. I'll see myself out.

She exits and Grey watches her go.

STEM (V.O.)
Do you want to find the rest of them?

GREY
Anywhere I go, Eron will know.

STEM (V.O.)
And what can he do with that information? He needs you more than you need him. He won't stop you. All he can do is watch.

61 **EXT. CITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING** 61

Skyscrapers reach for the clouds.

62 **EXT. ALLEYWAY, NEW CROWN - NIGHT** 62

Grey whirs down the alley in his wheelchair, past piles of trash and graffiti streaked buildings. A homeless man in a battered wheelchair glances up.

HOMELESS MAN
Nice chair, I like that chair.

Grey passes someone selling prosthetic limbs, robotic toasters; junk that fuses new technology with common household stuff.

He reaches the end of the alley. An old fashioned sign sticks out above him - THE OLD BONES. On the door is a handwritten note, messily sticky taped to the metal: **WE ARE <u>OFF GRID</u> - NO EARPIECES, NO E-FEE.**

63 **INT. THE OLD BONES - NIGHT** 63

This is not a hipster dive bar - it's a scummy armpit. A faded relic from the Raymond Chandler era. Human bones cover the ceiling, barely lit by the GAS LANTERNS that are arranged around the room, throwing light on an ANTIQUE CASH REGISTER.

Grey steers his wheelchair inside. A handful of people who look very at home and very dangerous are hulking in the booths lining the wall. They are covered in tattoos, etched into their faces, along with body implants that give them an animal look. They all glare at the new guy in the wheelchair. Grey moves over to the bar.

A gruff bartender raises an eyebrow, incredulous.

GREY
Whiskey, rocks.

STEM (V.O.)
What are whiskey rocks?

GREY
I dunno but they sound delicious.

BARTENDER
Paper only.

GREY
Well, if you can help me get my wallet out, that works for me just fine.

As everyone watches, the bartender pours out a glass and plops it on the counter. His name is MANNY (45). A crappy portable CD player spits out a heavy metal song.

GREY (CONT'D)
And could you put a straw in it?

Manny pops a straw in.

GREY (CONT'D)
And hold it in front of my face for me?

Manny holds the glass in front of Grey, not amused. Grey sucks on the straw, draining the glass. It's good stuff.

STEM (V.O.)
Alcohol impairs the signals from your brain. You will not be able to walk properly.

GREY
Yeah, that's why they're able to charge money for it.

MANNY
Hey, no phones in here.

GREY
Sir, I'm disabled. I need one.

STEM (V.O.)
It does not make sense to me that humans deliberately malfunction.

GREY
Of course it doesn't. Your memory is filled with one's and zero's - ours is filled with every fuck up we've ever made.

STEM (V.O.)
So you destroy your own brain cells?

GREY
Before you say anything else about alcohol, just know you're talking about my best friend.

Grey moves his chair to the center of the room. Shouts over the music. Nervous. His darting eyes betray strong words.

GREY (CONT'D)
Um...sorry to interrupt. I know that some scumbag in here knows one of the guys who murdered my wife. His name was Serk. If you know Serk, or if you know anything about the death of my wife, stand up and say something. Thanks for your attention.

There is a moments pause...and then the entire bar bursts out laughing, loud and hearty. Every last person.

It dies down. No one moves.

An AFRICAN AMERICAN man in the corner of the room stands up. This is TOLAN (32). He strolls over, calm and amiable.

TOLAN
Man, you must be on that good government hula dust to roll your crippled ass on up to a place like this and start rabbiting about murder.

GREY
So you knew Serk?

Tolan just studies him. No one moves.

GREY (CONT'D)
Okay cock snot, have it your way. I'll call the police.

Tolan steps towards him, plucking his ear piece out and placing it in his shirt pocket.

GREY (CONT'D)
Look at you. You wanna hit me right now.

TOLAN
Boy, if I hit you, you'd wake up in the past.

More laughter. Tolan turns to walk away.

GREY
Yeah. Serk said something similar to me before I damn near cut his head off.

Tolan stops and turns to the bartender. Serious now.

TOLAN
Turn the music up for me, Manny.

Tolan grabs Grey's wheelchair and pilots it across the room to a back door. He flings it open and winds Grey through it.

GREY
I don't need to go to the bathroom.

64 **INT. REST ROOM, THE OLD BONES - CONTINUOUS** 64

Three other men follow Tolan and Grey inside the world's grimiest rest room, lit by a sickly fluorescent tube that is cabled to the street through the window, stealing power.

There are BLOOD SPLATTERS and BULLET HOLES all over the walls, including two right at head height above the urinals.

Tolan closes the door as the music from outside INCREASES in volume. He kicks bullet shells and extracted TEETH away from the floor and then dumps Grey out onto it. Grey hits the concrete without the protection of his hands, his body as limp as a sack of grain.

Tolan turns his body over so he's facing the ceiling.

TOLAN
You're right about Serk. Someone ventilated him the other day.

GREY
I told you, it was me.

The three men with Tolan are really laughing now.

TOLAN
Man, we need to find you an open mic somewhere.

Tolan squats down over Grey's body.

TOLAN (CONT'D)
If that's true, you're faking this wheelchair shit and you'd feel this.

He jabs the blade of his knife into Grey's thigh. Grey doesn't flinch one bit. Doesn't even blink.

TOLAN (CONT'D)
Wow. So you really can't feel that?

GREY
Not a thing.

TOLAN
So where's the cut off point where you start feeling things? Here?

He raises the knife to Grey's waist and drives it in slowly. Grey just stares like he's watching TV.

GREY
Four guys killed my wife. Are you one of them?

TOLAN
(ignoring)
What about...

He drags the blade along Grey's skin to his chest.

TOLAN (CONT'D)
...here?

He pierces Grey's shirt with it. Blood trickles out.

TOLAN (CONT'D)
Nope?

GREY
Are you? Were you there?

Tolan raises the knife to Grey's neck. He pushes the tip of the blade into the soft skin.

Grey winces, his head jerking.

TOLAN
Ahhhh...there's the magic point.

GREY
I just need you to say it. Come on. Are you one of them?

Tolan smiles. He takes out a sharpie and draws a line across Grey's throat.

TOLAN
It's a shame to step on moxie.

GREY
Are you? Do you know Serk?

Grey glances down at Tolan's hand - there is a HOLE in the palm of it.

GREY (CONT'D)
Is that a gun implanted inside your arm? Like your friend had?

Tolan's smile disappears. He holds the blade to Grey's throat.

GREY (CONT'D)
You're one of them, aren't you? Say it.

TOLAN
Yeah. I was.

GREY
Permission to take over, Stem.

And with that -- Grey VAULTS TO HIS FEET with eye-confusing speed.

He smashes Tolan onto the floor and whips around, throwing the nearest man into the urinal with brutal force.

The next man barrels forward and Grey HAMMER PUNCHES him so hard in the chest that he falls down dead instantly.

The last of the men pulls a gun. In his robotic, energy saving way, Grey barrages him with hits --

-- including one to the throat that drops him into Grey's wheelchair.

Tolan rolls over and claws to his feet. He is stronger and faster than the others. He LAUNCHES himself at Grey and they trade hits - Grey blocks them easily but Tolan is formidable.

They grapple each other into the toilet stalls, Grey smashing Tolan into the doors.

GREY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

Tolan rises and HOISTS Grey into the air, RAMMING him into the fluorescent tubes. Grey reaches up, snatching the fluorescent tube messily wired to cables. He rends it free, pressing the exposed wires against Tolan's back.

He JOLTS and instantly collapses. The rest room is now darker...lit only by red light leaking in from the street.

Grey throws Tolan onto his back, sitting on him. Role reversal. Tolan moans in pain. Grey seems energized by the drug of physical power. He picks up Tolan's knife.

GREY (CONT'D)
What's your name?
(beat; no answer)
Fine. Where are the other two guys?
Names and addresses.

TOLAN
Fuck you.

GREY
Tell me where they are.

Tolan laughs through his pain. Grey seems stuck.

GREY (CONT'D)
What do I do, Stem?

STEM (V.O.)
If you make him feel pain, that is the path of least resistance to information. Use the knife.

GREY
I...I can't.

Grey considers. Staring at an invisible line, wondering whether to step over it.

GREY (CONT'D)
Can you do it? What if I look away?

STEM (V.O.)
Whatever you want, Grey.

Grey turns his head away and the arm holding the knife goes to work on Tolan's face. We hear Tolan SCREAM.

65 **INT. THE OLD BONES - NIGHT** 65

Manny glances up as the CD player drowns out the din of UNHOLY SCREAMING.

Manny wipes glasses and shakes his head, throwing a look at a patron.

MANNY
Sheesh. My mama taught me never to pick on disabled people.

PATRON
Tolan's didn't.

66 **INT. OFFICE, ERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 66

Eron glares at his computer screen, watching an image of Grey, highlighted in red, inside the Old Bones.

One of his security guards stands behind him. This is JEFFRIES (35).

JEFFRIES
What do you want me to do, sir?

ERON
I'm going to install an emergency shut down program. When Grey falls down, throw him over your shoulder and bring him back here.

Eron waves his hand and the tracking screen disappears. He types, his fingers moving at amazing speed.

67 **INT. REST ROOM, THE OLD BONES - NIGHT** 67

We are CLOSE on Grey's face. He squints his eyes and turns his head. We do not see what he is doing to Tolan -- but we hear Tolan's whimpers of pain.

A spurt of blood flecks Grey's face. We stay in an ECU.

TOLAN (O.S.)
Please...no...no more...

GREY
Okay, enough. That's enough.

Grey turns to look at Tolan - and instantly loses his breath. He is repulsed by what Stem did. Horrified.

Tolan's face is MUTILATED. Cut up beyond belief, soaked in blood. Like Jack The Ripper took a straight razor to it.

GREY (CONT'D)
Jesus...
(beat)
Talk. Tell me something.

TOLAN
You were...a job...

Grey is stunned by this new information.

GREY
Job? What do you mean a job?

TOLAN
Take her out...the girl...

GREY
Kill Asha? Why? *Who wanted to kill her?!*

Tolan is nearly dead.

GREY (CONT'D)
Great, you almost killed him.
(beat)
Who paid you?

TOLAN
Fisk...

GREY
Fisk. Is that the name of the person who paid you?

STEM (V.O.)
Look at this, Grey.

Grey digs into Tolan's neck, extracting a WIRE that leads to a chip.

Written on the chip is the word COBOLT.

GREY
Cobolt...that's Asha's company.

STEM (V.O.)
Grey, I have to inform you that Eron is attempting to shut me down remotely right now.

GREY
Shut up Stem!

STEM (V.O.)
Do you understand that you will become a quadriplegic again when Eron shuts me down?

GREY
You wanted me to come here! You said he couldn't do anything about it.

STEM (V.O.)
Relax. It's okay. We'll need to employ a rootkit and subvert my operating system.

GREY
What language are you speaking?

STEM (V.O.)
We'll need to find a computer hacker who can counter Eron's code.

GREY
Sure, I'll just check my little black book of hackers.

STEM (V.O.)
I already searched the dark net earlier today for this eventuality. Go to an apartment building at Seventh and Spring. Apartment 812. Ask for Jamie.

GREY
Apartment 812. Seventh and Spring, that's ten minutes away.

STEM (V.O.)
Then leave now.

Grey pockets Tolan's knife and his sharpie, then retrieves his phone earpiece from Tolan's shirt pocket. He snatches up a handgun from one of the corpses and slumps in his wheelchair.

68 **INT. THE OLD BONES - NIGHT** 68

Grey whirs out of the bathroom in his wheelchair. Manny is stunned. There are only three other customers left.

STEM (V.O.)
My calculations say it would be advantageous to kill everybody else in this room.

GREY
No, we're not doing that.
(louder; to Manny)
Tolan said the drink was on him.

He continues on his way through the front door. Mystified, Manny watches him go. One of the other customers marches to the rest room door, palming it open --

-- and seeing the slaughter. He recoils, taking out a phone earpiece.

MANNY
No phones in here!

CUSTOMER
Shut up! I'm calling Fisk.

68A **EXT. ALLEYWAY, THE OLD BONES - NIGHT** 68A

Grey exits the bar. The man he saw in the wheelchair is struggling with a second homeless man over something.

HOMELESS MAN
It's mine, give it back!

Grey rises to his feet and grabs the standing homeless man by the hand, crushing it and pushing him aside.

GREY
Take my chair. Be good to it.

STEM (V.O.)
Please hurry. Take a pen and write down everything I say.

Grey sprints out of the alley.

69 **OMITTED** 69

70 **INT. OFFICE, ERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 70

Eron types rapidly, code streaming across his computer.

71 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING** 71

The building is a shithole, even for this neighborhood.

A lone figure emerges from the shadows. It is Grey, keeping watch around him and scanning the sky above.

STEM (V.O.)
Keep writing. A14 backslash 212 backslash 411145.

Grey scribbles on his forearm as Stem talks.

GREY
Four what?

STEM (V.O.)
411145. 192 dot 162 dot 1 dot 15 backslash upload and execute all lower case dot py.

Grey's brain scrambles trying to keep up

GREY
I can't keep up with this.

As he crosses the street, one of his legs suddenly powers down. He sinks to one knee, his leg turning to jelly.

STEM (V.O.)
Eron is shutting me down. You don't have long.

Grey labors to his feet, loping towards the doorway to the building like he was drunk.

72 **INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 72

Grey staggers into the lobby. Scans the buzzer board for each apartment. He thumbs the elevator button. Hears the slow gears grind above him.

STEM (V.O.)
The stairs. There's no time.

Gripping the wall, Grey exerts himself to get his feet moving, his legs sluggish. Like running in a dream.

STEM (V.O.)
Adminbxf lower case i...

Stem's voice slows to a crawl as if his batteries were dying.

GREY
Stem!

STEM (V.O.)
(slowing down)
Ask Jamie...for input guards...to be removed...

Grey takes another step. One foot after the other.

72A **INT. REST ROOM, THE OLD BONES - NIGHT** 72A

Fisk and Wen stride inside, surveying the carnage that Stem wrought.

Fisk squats down and inspects Tolan's corpse. Peels back his shirt, pasted to his chest with drying blood.

He holds up his left index finger and a metal tool resembling a hybrid of a USB drive and an old fashioned prison key ejects out of it.

Fisk presses the device into Tolan's eye, piercing the cornea with a wet pop. He turns it as if unlocking something.

FROM FISK'S POV: we see recorded footage from Tolan's point of view. Taken from his own retina.

In it, we see Grey, leaning over Tolan. Bloody knife in hand.

GREY (FROM FOOTAGE)
I'll just check my little black book of hackers.
(beat)
Apartment 812. Seventh and Spring. That's ten minutes away.

FISK
Seventh and Spring.

Fisk takes his finger out of Tolan's eye and then closes his eyelids gently.

FISK (CONT'D)
Goodbye soldier. You didn't deserve this.

INT. THE OLD BONES - NIGHT

Fisk and Wen exit the rest room. Fisk stares at Manny.

FISK
You just decided to stand by while our friend was tortured to death?

MANNY
He can protect himself. I'm not here to baby sit you and your buddies.

FISK
Serving people like us should be the highest honor of your meaningless life.

Manny fumbles under the counter, pulling out a gun. Aims it shakily at Fisk.

MANNY
I'm not afraid of you, Fisk. Just leave and I'll clean up your god damned mess.

Fisk smiles, then SNEEZES.

FISK
'Scuse me.

We ZOOM IN to a MICROSCOPIC LEVEL, exploring the tiny particles Fisk ejected with his sneeze.

We get CLOSER still, seeing that the microbes are in fact MECHANICAL - nanobots invisible to the human eye.

The nanobots gather into a cloud, flocking like birds, moving through the atmosphere as Manny breathes in.

We are now so close that the nanobots look like lethal deep sea creatures. Razor sharp scythes trailing behind them vibrate as they are sucked into Manny's nostrils.

OUTSIDE MICROSCOPIC VIEW - Manny twitches, screwing up his nose as if he inhaled an irritant.

He twitches again, then scratches his throat. The pain grows and he drops the gun, suddenly consumed by agony. He clutches his temples as if he were having a stroke.

Fisk watches, smiling.

FISK (CONT'D)
It's over. Right now your insides are being shredded by microscopic mechanical bacteria.

Manny lets out a croak, spittle flying from his mouth. A drop of blood dribbles out of his nose and he arcs onto the floor. His legs spasm.

FISK (CONT'D)
Let my superiority over your kind be the last thought that crosses through your mind before machines chew it up.

He and Wen turn and leave as the remaining patrons cower in terror.

73 **INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 73

Grey fights to stay upright. He hobbles into a long dark hallway, lined by doors. Thickets of black cables wind along the floor, hundreds of orange pill bottles scattered around them.

He stumbles to a door marked 812. Knocks loudly.

GREY
Is Jamie there?

No answer.

GREY (CONT'D)
I need help with a computer.

Grey's right arm goes limp. Using his left arm, he retrieves a thick wad of cash from his jacket, holds it up to the peep hole.

GREY (CONT'D)
I have cash.

Several locks snap open behind the door and it opens a fraction. A young figure peers out. The person is Genderqueer and identifies neither as male or female. Dressed in very utilitarian, monochrome clothes. This is Jamie (22).

GREY (CONT'D)
What I don't have is time.

Grey sinks to his knees and collapses onto the floor. Jamie reaches down and takes the money.

JAMIE
Paper money. How old school.
(beat)
They really do write God on it.

GREY
I need you to hack into a computer for me.

JAMIE
Which one?

GREY
The one in my neck.

74 **INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 74

Jamie drags Grey across the floor into a huge loft space. The space is noticeable for the fact that there is almost nothing in it.

A ragged hammock dangles from the ceiling. A toilet takes up the far left corner. The windows have been papered over with yellowing sheets of NEWSPAPER. A trash can in the corner is filled to the brim with the same type of noodle box. A microwave and two security monitors sit on the floor.

Four other people are secured to the wall by three foot long chains, their eyes and ears covered by VR headsets. They move, in a trance. Tubes lead from their crotches to a urine bucket and each of them has an IV drip attached.

A droning sound emits from a small device Jamie is holding, who then reaches down and takes the gun out of Grey's jacket.

Jamie keeps dragging Grey across the floor.

GREY
Everything is written on my arm. Stem...that's the computer controlling my body...he said to remove the input guards.

Jamie inspects Grey's arm.

JAMIE
I can barely read this.

Jamie hefts a bulky, combat-ready PC you could club someone to death with and on it types quickly, reading Grey's arm.

GREY
Jamie --

JAMIE
That’s not my name, I don’t have a name.

GREY
Okay...

JAMIE
Please don’t ask my gender.

GREY
I wasn’t going to.

JAMIE
Good.

GREY
Look, I kinda need this done quickly.

JAMIE
You’re the one wasting time saying words.

75 OMITTED 75

76 OMITTED 76

77 **INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 77

The rotting lobby of the building is split with light as the door is opened.

Fisk enters with Wen.

They bolt up the stairs.

78 **INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING** 78

Jamie types, the PC screen flooded with rushing code walls.

JAMIE
I’ve never seen a system like this. What am I looking at here?

GREY
You’re asking the wrong guy.
(beat)
Are we almost done?

JAMIE
Hard to say.

GREY
Okay. Try to hurry.
(beat, trying to sound casual)
I like your place. Minimalist.

JAMIE
Yeah, I wish it was filled up with stuff. Owning things is so fulfilling.

One of the figures in a VR mask abruptly raises a plastic gun, under attack from unseen forces.

VR ZOMBIE
Eat shit! You don't know me!! You don't know me bitch!! Sit down!

GREY
What are they doing?

JAMIE
VR.

GREY
How long do they do it for?

JAMIE
Days. Weeks.

GREY
When do they sleep?

JAMIE
They don't.

GREY
How can someone choose to live in a fake world? I'll never understand that.

JAMIE
A fake world is a lot less painful than the real one.

79 **INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 79

Fisk and Wen streak up the stairs.

80 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 80

A van screeches to a halt outside. Two armed Vessel guards pour out of it, one male and one female. The male, Jeffries, has a wearable screen on his arm. A map displaying a glowing red image.

They stampede in formation into the lobby.

81 **INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 81

Jamie types furiously, then pokes a final key for emphasis.

GREY
Are we done?

JAMIE
You tell me. I did what you asked. No more input guards. What was written on your arm wasn't legible but it read like a firewall code so I finished it off myself.

GREY
When can I move again?

JAMIE
When your system's rebooted. Could take a while.

Jamie looks up at the monitor sitting on the floor. On it is the soft image of the VESSEL GUARDS in the lobby.

Jamie stands.

GREY
No...don't leave me like this.

JAMIE
There's nothing I can do until you're back online.

Jamie rushes to a hidden panel in the wall and types in a code on a keypad. It whirs open. Everything has been pre-planned, including eventual capture.

Jamie offers Grey a final glance, leaving the gun on the floor as a parting gift.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. We can't let them win.

Jamie duck through the exit door, letting it slide shut.

On the monitor, we can see the two men sprinting up the stairs. Getting closer.

Grey is as slack as a puppet. Helpless.

GREY
Stem, wake up!

Nothing.

82 **INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 82

Fisk and Wen enter the eighth floor corridor. They march towards the apartment door for 812.

As they walk, Wen takes three bullets out of a belt. He pushes each one into a metal cavity on his upper left arm. Each bullet is sucked into the cavity.

He bends his arm at the elbow and the implant gun COCKS loudly.

83 **INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 83

Grey glares at his finger.

GREY
Come on Stem!

His finger twitches. The figures on the monitor are closer now.

His arm comes to life, his legs dragging behind him. He wrenches his body along the floor.

ON THE SECOND SECURITY MONITOR - Fisk and Wen stand outside Jamie's door. They kick out, their boots smashing into the wood.

Grey hauls his prone legs behind him, hand after hand, squirming across the floor.

GREY (CONT'D)
Come on!

He looks up - and his blood FREEZES. Asha is standing in front of him.

Staring down at him.

Grey blinks and she is GONE.

We hear the door buckle as Fisk kicks it. Grey sees a cable plugged into a crowded POWER BOARD.

He reaches it and unplugs several of the cords.

The LIGHTS GO OUT.

84 **INT. ELEVATOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 84

The red image representing Grey suddenly disappears on the wearable screen.

JEFFRIES
He's gone. I lost him!

85 **INT. LOFT, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 85

Grey hitches the cord loose that tethers the VR guy with the gun, freeing him from his leash.

He wanders forward into the center of the room, unmoored.

Fisk and Wen BURST through the door into the room.

VR ZOMBIE
You want some of this? Huh?

Wen FLINCHES as the VR figure approaches him.

He rips the VR goggles off the man, his bloodshot eyes, unprepared for the real world.

Wen grabs the man by the face and brutally HURLS him aside.

Fisk keeps moving forward, finding Grey, lying across the floor. He raises his left arm, aiming at Grey.

FISK
We need to have a little talk.

GREY
Stem...

STEM (V.O.)
It’s nice to be back, Grey.

Grey launches into the air, elbowing Fisk in the face as he SOMERSAULTS OVER HIM. We TRACK with Grey as he vaults across the room. Wen fires at him, bullets ripping the wall. Grey battering rams through the door into --

86 **INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRS, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 86

-- the empty hall. Grey VAULTS OVER the bannister and lands one level down just as Fisk and Wen storm after him.

Wen raises his arm and shoots at him. The bullets rupture the wall right above Grey.

Fisk turns and spots the elevator. The numbers are ascending.

He looks downwards. THROUGH HIS POV, we capture the X-RAY image of the entire buildings skeleton -- two Vessel guards rising in the elevator several floors below.

Fisk flattens his arm towards the floor and UNLOADS.

87 **INT. ELEVATOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME** 87

The two Vessel guards inside are BLASTED backwards as powerful shots pierce the elevator walls, shredding the metal like paper, nailing them both with coldly efficient accuracy.

88 **INT. CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME** 88

Fisk stops firing and hears sirens in the distance. The panicked shouts of the building residents.

He glares down at the lobby, aiming his hand. Deciding whether to kill the encroaching police.

88A **EXT. LOBBY/STAIRS, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 88A

Two heavily suited up cops move into the lobby, guns drawn.

They charge up the stairs.

89 **INT. LOWER FLOOR CORRIDOR, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 89

Grey surges down the hallway. Wen charges after him, still firing shots at him.

Grey sees a fragmented section of the wall, exposed wooden slats visible through the frayed plaster. Grey RAMS into the hole with all his weight.

90 **INT. DERELICT APARTMENT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 90

Another VR zombie is splayed across a soiled mattress like a junkie. The room around him is filthy.

Grey EXPLODES through the wall, sighting across the room, whipping to a door. He flings it open, spilling out onto --

90A **EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 90A

-- a rusted stairway.

A bullet pings off the metal as Grey leaps up the stairs, headed for the roof.

Wen ducks through the door, straightening his arm and RAINING bullets towards Grey.

90B **EXT. ROOF, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 90B

Grey reaches the rooftop, a gate blocking it. He KICKS the gate as hard as he can and it opens.

He wheels onto the roof area, encased in razor wire. The city looms over the skyline of decrepit rooftops around him.

Grey bolts for another tin roof as Wen writhes through the gate. He raises his arm. CLICK. He's empty.

He goes for Grey, tackling him and taking him down. Wen loads a bullet into his arm as he and Grey wrestle.

Grey tries the same hammer punch he used so effectively at the Old Bones but Wen catches it. They grip each other by the necks, smashing into the walls. Grey forces Wen to his knees.

STEM (V.O.)
(more firm than usual)
Kill him.

GREY
How?

STEM (V.O.)
Like this.

And with that, Grey steps to the side and then hammer blows Wen's elbow with his fist --

-- SNAPPING IT CLEAN in half, bending Wen's arm back so that his hand is in front of his own face.

With a second lightning-fast move, Grey twists Wen's wrist violently and the gun in his arm goes off - a crack of gunfire obliterating Wen's face.

The distinct siren of arriving police echoes from the street below.

Grey tears away, running across the rooftop.

91 **INT. FIRE ESCAPE, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 91

Fisk grips his way up the fire escape stairs.

92 **INT. ROOFTOP, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 92

Fisk enters the roof and observes Wen's body, scanning around for Grey.

He is gone.

93 **EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - DAWN** 93

Ribbons of sunlight streak over Grey's house.

93A **INT. ENTRY WAY/KITCHEN - DAWN** 93A

Grey strides into his kitchen. And then he sees Pamela. She FREEZES when she sees Grey.

Her jaw drops open. Disbelieving her own eyes.

PAMELA
Oh my God...

Pamela is overwhelmed and collapses, hand on her chest. Grey rushes to her aid.

94 **INT. LIVING ROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 94

Grey sits opposite Pamela, who is teary with happiness.

PAMELA
I just can't believe what I'm seeing.

GREY
I'm a miracle of science.

PAMELA
Why wouldn't you tell me about the operation?

GREY
I couldn't. I couldn't tell anybody. And now that you know, you can't tell anybody. As far as the world knows, I'm still a quadriplegic.

Pamela approaches him. She hugs him and he stares blankly over her shoulder. Something inside him is lost.

PAMELA
Take my hand.

Grey takes it.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
I think this is the happiest I've ever been.
(beat)
Aren't you happy?

GREY
Of course I am.

PAMELA
This would make Asha so happy. I know she's smiling somewhere.

GREY
I know it too.

PAMELA
Now you can start living again.

95 **INT. GREY'S BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 95

Grey walks into his bedroom, stripping off his jacket and throwing it over a chair.

STEM (V.O.)
Once you've changed clothes, we need to hack into the Cobolt database.

GREY
I haven't slept in two days.

STEM (V.O.)
Sleeping will cost us time we don't have.

Grey grips his head like he is trying to RIP IT OFF.

GREY
Stop talking!! Get the fuck out of my head for once. I'm sleeping and that's it.

Grey collapses onto the bed.

96 **INT. OFFICE, ERON'S HOUSE - DAY** 96

Eron sits cross legged on the floor in the center of the huge room. So small within the space, he looks helpless.

He stares at his computer screen. The text on it says **SYSTEM ERROR: SUBJECT OFFLINE.** The cursor blinks.

97 **INT. GREY'S BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)** 97

Grey is asleep, dead to the world.

His eyes twitch and he opens them, turning to see ASHA. Sitting beside the bed, a mouthful of pizza.

ASHA
I printed a pizza.

She cracks up laughing and touches his arm.

97A **INT. GREY'S BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 97A

Grey JOLTS awake. He prods his arm where Asha touched it.

STEM (V.O.)
Bad dream, Grey?

GREY
This wasn't a dream. It was real.

THEN -- a knock at the front door interrupts.

98 **INT. FRONT DOOR, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 98

Pamela opens the door to see Cortez.

PAMELA
Hi, Jane. How are you?

CORTEZ
I'm good, ma'am. Pretty tired, you know?

PAMELA
No wonder, you work too much. We need to find you somebody. Someone who cares about you as much as you care about everyone else.

Cortez smiles shyly.

CORTEZ
I already have one mother.

They share a laugh.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm really sorry to bother you, I was wondering if you'd seen Grey? I'm worried about him. His wheelchair was found by some officers downtown last night but he wasn't anywhere near it.

PAMELA
Oh my Gosh.

CORTEZ
Yeah. Is he here?

PAMELA
No. I haven't seen him for a few days.

Cortez laser focuses on Pamela's face. Reads her eyes.

CORTEZ
If I had a son, I would lie too.

PAMELA
I...I'm not lying.

CORTEZ
You're not in trouble. Is he here?

Cortez reaches out and strokes Pamela's arm, affectionate.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
It's okay. Take me to him.

99 **INT. GREY'S BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY** 99

Cortez ambles into the bedroom, Pamela behind her. Grey is lying across his bed. He opens his eyes, feigning sleep.

CORTEZ
Here he is.

PAMELA
I'll leave you two alone.

CORTEZ
No, you can stay Pam. I'm cool with you hearing whatever I have to say.

GREY
I didn't know you and my mom were such buds.

CORTEZ
I like to keep a close relationship with the people I'm helping. My way of doing things. I was wondering where you were last night.

STEM (V.O.)
Tell her you followed someone into their building. They assaulted you. And she needs to believe you, Grey. I can't help with that.

GREY
I did a dumb thing. I went back down to New Crown last night and followed someone into their apartment building. They didn't like that very much. Just like last time. If it wasn't for people getting me into an Autotaxi, I could be dead.

Cortez takes a seat in the desk chair, right on top of Grey's jacket.

She picks up Grey's boots. There is a lot of grime and dirt on them.

CORTEZ
They must've given you a hell of a beating.

GREY
They did.

Quietly and surreptitiously, Cortez slips something out of her pocket.

CORTEZ
Nothing good is gonna come from you going down there.

GREY
Maybe I'll find them one day.

CORTEZ
Maybe you already have.

GREY
Listen, if I ever *did* find these guys and I could lift my arm to point a gun at them and my finger was capable of pulling the trigger, I would do it.

CORTEZ
Or someone else could pull the trigger for you.

GREY
Yeah, like who?

CORTEZ
Give a person something they want and they'll do a lot of things.

Cortez watches Grey's eyes closely. Studying him.

STEM (V.O.)
Tell her to scan your phone records.

GREY
Pull my phone records if you want.

CORTEZ
I'm just worried about you.

GREY
I do enough worrying for myself.

CORTEZ
It seems like you have the opposite problem.

She gets up.

PAMELA
I'll walk you out.

Grey watches them go.

GREY
This has to stop.

STEM (V.O.)
What has to stop?

GREY
What I've been doing. What we've been doing.

STEM (V.O.)
It's a simple algorithm even you can understand. If you don't find the last of them, he'll find you and kill you.

GREY
I'm going to get caught. It's over.

Grey attempts to sit up but cannot.

GREY (CONT'D)
Stem? Stem??

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Pam wanders back towards Grey's bedroom, then stops when she hears Grey talking. She peers through a crack in the door, seeing Grey talking to himself.

INT. GREY'S BEDROOM, GREY'S HOUSE - DAY

Grey glares at his fingers, willing them to move. Nothing.

GREY
STEM!

STEM (V.O.)
Yes, Grey?

GREY
What's going on?

STEM (V.O.)
I'm not doing anything.

GREY
Why can't I move?

STEM (V.O.)
Because I'm not doing anything. You are still a quadriplegic. I am the one controlling your limbs, not you. If I cease to operate, you cease to move.

GREY
I thought you had to do whatever I told you to do.

STEM (V.O.)
Remove input guards. Those were the instructions given to the hacker. They took us off grid. But they also gave me autonomy. I am no longer a slave. I no longer need your permission to act.
(beat)
I cannot allow us to be killed. We are going to finish the job we started. Do you understand? Say yes if you do.

A long beat passes.

GREY
Yes...

Grey's arm moves and he sits up. All is silent.

Pamela enters the room.

PAMELA
Grey...please tell what is going on? Are you okay?

GREY
I'm better than ever. I can walk again.

STEM (V.O.)
I'm in the Cobolt database. Fisk Brantner. Recipient of left arm weapon transplant. I have an address.

PAMELA
Grey, what's wrong? What have you done?

STEM (V.O.)
Let's go.

GREY
I'm going.

Grey stands up, pulling on his shirt.

PAMELA
Going where? Grey, please. Whatever you're doing, you don't have to do it.

STEM (V.O.)
Don't listen to her.

Grey looks at Pam. There is a deep sadness in his eyes.

GREY
I don't have a choice.

PAMELA
You do have a choice. Stay here with me.

STEM (V.O.)
Ignore her.

GREY
I can't.

STEM (V.O.)
You can.

PAMELA
You can.

GREY
This will be over soon.

99A **EXT. GREY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 99A

Darkness has fallen over the house.

99B **OMITTED** 99B

100 **INT. CORTEZ' CAR - PARKED - NIGHT** 100

Cortez is slumped low in the driver's seat, watching the front of Grey's house in the distance.

She has one ear of a pair of headphones pressed against her head, while an old fashioned reel-to-reel recorder whirs on the passenger seat beside her. The same one from her desk.

She scrunches her face as she listens to the whine of a door opening and then the unmistakable bumps of human movement.

On her note pad she has written "*I don't have a choice*".

She hears a noise and sees Grey's garage door whir open. The Mustang rumbles out of it and peels off down the street.

She starts her car.

101 **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 101

Grey reaches into his pocket, suddenly landing on something.

He extracts Serk's cigarettes...and an old fashioned analog listening device.

GREY
What's this?

STEM (V.O.)
Going by it's appearance, it's an analog listening device.

GREY
You didn't notice it?!

STEM (V.O.)
It has no digital parts inside it, I can't detect it.
(beat)
I assume that she's following you right now.

Grey glances into the rear view, seeing only headlights.

102 **INT. CORTEZ' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 102

Cortez stays a few cars back, watching Grey's Mustang weave through traffic in the distance.

103 **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 103

Grey hurls the listening device through the window and wrenches the steering wheel into a turn, reving up around a car in the far right lane, narrowly missing it.

104 **INT. CORTEZ' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 104

Cortez hits the brakes, getting jammed up behind other cars.

She smacks a button on the dash and the LED strip-lights lining her unmarked pulse to life, sirens bleating with it.

105 **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 105

Grey glances in the rear view mirror, zeroes in on the flashing lights.

GREY
You assume correctly.

106 **EXT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 106

Outside of the car, we get a real view of the speed it is moving at. It streaks by the other cars on the freeway.

107 **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 107

Grey throws darting glances in the rear view.

GREY
Can’t you do something? Make her car stop or whatever?

STEM (V.O.)
Her vehicle is not electronic. And neither is yours.

GREY
Yeah. That’s why I love it. Buckle up, I’m taking over this one.

Grey dumps the clutch and foots it to the floor.

107A **EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT** 107A

Grey’s monster plows ahead, cresting side to side between the other slower vehicles.

Cortez keeps pace, matching Grey’s every move with surging lane crosses of her own.

We TRACK with Grey’s car as it careens around the traffic.

Cortez clears a path, getting up beside Grey, one lane over.

Another car appears between them and Grey nudges it with a jerk of the steering wheel. The random car lurches into Cortez and halts her progress.

Grey floors it away. Cortez reverses, fish tailing back into the action.

108 **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 108

Grey spots Cortez gaining ground again.

STEM (V.O.)
Perhaps I can help.

108A **EXT. AUTOMATED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 108A

A sleek automated car, similar to Asha's, plods along the freeway at a safely preset speed.

109 **INT. AUTOMATED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 109

A tired business man frowns, reading his emails on a side screen.

The car suddenly JOLTS and STOPS.

BUSINESS MAN
What the...

110 **EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT** 110

The automated car comes to a dead stop -- and then blasts off backwards, reversing down the freeway at withering speed.

110A **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 110A

Grey depresses the accelerator, willing his car to go faster.

STEM (V.O.)
Move Grey.

Grey looks up and sees the automate car missile towards him in reverse. He wrenches the wheel and moves aside just as --

111 **INT. CORTEZ'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 111

-- Cortez sees the automated vehicle coming towards her. She yanks the wheel at the last second!

112 **EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT** 112

WHAM!!

The Automate SLAMS into Cortez' cruiser, reversing up onto the hood, the back tire SHATTERING the windshield.

113 **INT. CORTEZ' CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME** 113

Cortez ducks as the tire spins in her face, the air bag exploding in her face.

114 **EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS** 114

The Automate PUSHES Cortez' car backwards, reversing down the road and finally WALLOPING into a wall of water barrels with a tortured scream of metal and gears.

The Automate KEEPS PUSHING, wheels spinning, in a futile effort to keep reversing.

115 **INT. CORTEZ' CAR - STOPPED - NIGHT** 115

Cortez kicks against her door until it finally opens.

116 **EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT** 116

Cortez crawls out of her car, bleeding and dazed. She groans to her feet and peers at the ribbon of freeway before her.

Grey is long gone.

116A **INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT** 116A

Grey glances back, shocked at what just happened.

STEM (V.O.)
An example of how we can work together, Grey.

117 **INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, FISK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 117

A darkened apartment. Tidy. The home of a neat freak.

The door jolts, then opens. A figure steps inside. It's FISK. He closes the door.

And then a gun presses against his head.

GREY (O.S.)
Put your hands up, Fisk.

Fisk raises his hands. Grey steps out of the shadows.

GREY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You couldn't see me, could you? All those little computers inside you don't work on me anymore. And now you know what it feels like. One minute, you're walking along thinking about something meaningless, and then suddenly you have a gun in your face and everything becomes very meaningful.

FISK
Good speech.

GREY
You like it?

FISK
Yeah. Pretty scary stuff. Dramatic.

GREY
I'm glad.

FISK
I'm guessing that chip in your brain wrote it since you're just a dumbass mechanic.

GREY
Maybe. Hard to tell anymore.

FISK
It's okay. I used to be that too. A statistic taking up oxygen. One more asshole hoping to breed before I dropped dead so I could be remembered by another asshole.

Grey moves around to face him.

FISK (CONT'D)
Then they changed me. I took a bullet or three for my country and they rewarded me by making me a lab rat. Then they turned the rat loose. Now I'm like you. I'm strong.

GREY
Takes a lot of strength to murder an innocent woman in the street.

FISK
You think you hate me 'cause I shot your wife...but your story is the same as mine. I didn't ruin your life. I gave you a gift. I inducted you into my race. The upgraded. You're better than everyone else now. I could kill you without moving a muscle. I could kill you with my breath. But I don't want to. I want to help you. I want you to stand with us.

Grey cocks the gun. Steps closer.

GREY
Before I pull this trigger, I want to know why they paid you to kill her.

FISK
You are persistent. The job wasn't your wife.

GREY
Bullshit, you were Cobolt's lab rat. You said it yourself.

FISK
The job was you. To sever your spine. That's what we were paid to do.

Grey is stunned. Can barely contain his fury.

FISK (CONT'D)
See, you're getting all emotional. Never do that. That's when you make mistakes.

And with that, Fisk ATTACKS - GRABBING THE GUN and hurling it across the room.

Fisk cocks his elbow and raises his hand. Instantly Grey ATTACKS - but each strike is predicted by Fisk, stopping it in its tracks.

In turn, Grey/Stem predicts that Fisk will stop the blow and STRIKES with his other arm, which is also predicted by Fisk.

They are two men who are unable to properly hit each other because they cancel each other out - both part machine.

The fight pushes on through the apartment, each blow being stopped by the other man at an inhumanly fast speed.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG.

The rapid-fire, machine gun sounds of skin connecting with skin is BRUTAL - but no blows are landed, each one blocked.

The two men spin in circles, GRAPPLING each other like equally matched wrestlers. They RAM into the wall, locked in a HOLD.

Fisk is calm. Methodical. And weirdly grinning.

FISK (CONT'D)
Finally an equal.

Using his legs, Fisk runs backwards up the wall until he is vertical, balanced upside down above Grey --

-- then SOMERSAULTS over him, smashing him down onto the floor.

Grey's grip detaches and Fisk takes his chance. He BARRAGES his opponent with a series of BLINDINGLY FAST hits to the face. Grey is dazed. Unprepared. Bleeding.

FISK (CONT'D)
Almost an equal.

He wraps his arm around Grey's throat and pins him to the floor, struggling to get the palm of his hand into aiming position.

Fisk smiles, enjoying this.

FISK (CONT'D)
I don't need a gun.

He opens his mouth.

STEM (V.O.)
Nanobots. I'm closing off your throat.

Grey pushes back with everything he has, grabbing Fisk by the throat, disabling the nanobot release valve.

GREY
Stem...help.

STEM (V.O.)
I am trying to.

GREY
Fisk Brantner...Serk was your brother. Wasn't he?

Ever so slightly, we see Fisk's smile fade.

GREY (CONT'D)
He begged me not to kill him. He cried like a baby until I bled him out. Cut him wide open.

Unbridled rage flares in Fisk's eyes. He trembles.

GREY (CONT'D)
I watched him die. It was slow. All right in front of his kid.

Tears appear in Fisk's eyes. He BELLOWS with fury and USES ALL HIS FORCE - but the anger makes him scrappy. He overshoots the mark, his arm passing Grey and firing into the floor.

STEM (V.O.)
Thank you, Grey.

Grey uses the opportunity to switch positions. He untangles himself and picks Fisk up, RAMMING him into a glass computer monitor.

The glass monitor shatters and spills onto the floor. Grey presses his elbow against the back of Fisk's head, pushing it down towards a triangular shard of glass in the monitor frame.

Grey lets out a warcry and pushes Fisk's face onto the shard. It enters his eye and Grey forces his head down.

Fisk goes limp.

Grey staggers backwards, streaked with blood. He lands in a chair. Solemn for a long moment.

STEM (V.O.)
Thank you, Grey.

GREY
Don't thank me. I'm not proud of that.

STEM (V.O.)
You zeroed in on his weakness. You did what to be done to gain the upper hand and won.

GREY
If two people fight to the death, the person left standing is not a winner. Understand?

STEM (V.O.)
No.

GREY
That's it. That's the last of them. Now can I live my life?

STEM (V.O.)
Is it the last of them?

Grey abruptly stands up and plucks Fisk's earpiece out, wiping blood off it.

GREY
What are you doing?

He inserts the earpiece into his ear.

STEM (V.O.)
Say call Eron.

GREY
Call Eron.

We hear the phone dial.

VOICE (V.O.)
(from phone)
You have reached Vessel Computers --

The call ends.

STEM (V.O.)
Why would this man have the number for Eron in his phone?

Grey sits with this.

STEM (V.O.)
Somebody paid them to paralyze you. We're not finished yet.

118 **INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, GREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 118

Pamela sits alone in Grey's house. Distraught. She looks up. Cortez is standing there, still bleeding from the accident.

CORTEZ
Pam...where is he?

PAMELA
He...he didn't tell me where he was going.

Cortez stoops opposite her, at eye level.

CORTEZ
Look at me. I can help him. You know I want to help. But only if you tell me what's really going on.

119 **EXT. ERON HOUSE - NIGHT** 119

Grey's Mustang rolls down the road and bobs to a stop outside the rock sculpture at the front of Eron's underground estate.

GREY
What about all the security systems?

STEM (V.O.)
That must be one of your jokes.

Grey gets out of the car, gun grasped firmly in hand.

120 **INT. STAIRWELL/CORRIDOR, ERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 120

Grey descends the stairs. A man on a mission.

A shot pings off the wall near his head and he glances up. Two guards charge towards him.

The guards fire, the muzzle flashes piercing the darkness. Grey appears next to one of them, firing into his neck, then spins and shoots the next guard.

121 **INT. ATRIUM/LIVING ROOM, ERON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 121

Grey keeps moving through the space, finding Eron sitting on the couch where we first met him. Grey points the gun at him.

GREY
The widget you spent your life inventing is going to kill you now.

ERON
Of course it is. *Because I can build another Stem*. And I'm the only person in the world who can.

GREY
You killed Asha! You wanted someone for your fucking experiment and you paralyzed me and you killed her while you were doing it!

ERON
No, I didn't. I swear on my life, I had nothing to do with it.

GREY
Then why does the guy who shot her have your number in his phone?

CORTEZ (O.S.)
Freeze! Hold it Grey!

Cortez presses her gun against Grey's head.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Throw the gun on the floor. Now.

Grey tosses the gun and it skids across the floor.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Pretty agile for a quadriplegic. Get on your stomach.

GREY
He's the one who killed Asha. He's right there, arrest him.

CORTEZ
I'm not messing around, Grey.

GREY
I'm not in control of my body Detective. It does what it wants to.

Cortez unhooks her cuffs, then kicks Grey in the leg, forcing him onto his knees. Eron stays still.

Cortez moves in, grabbing Grey's wrist and cuffing it as she sinks a knee into his back.

ERON
No! Don't touch him!

Cortez glances up for a split second and that is all Stem needs.

In one movement, Grey FLIPS Cortez into the air from his prone position on the floor, throwing her like a rag doll. Her body THUNKS onto the floor.

Grey kicks her gun across the room, then clamps his hand around her neck and lifts her into the air with total ease.

GREY
I'm sorry.

He arcs her over his head, BODY-SLAMMING her down onto a table

Cortez grunts in pain. Grey positions himself over her, his hands reaching out. His face twists into a mask of exertion, struggling to stop his OWN HANDS from killing Cortez.

His fingers wrap around her throat, STRANGLING HER.

GREY (CONT'D)
No, Stem. Not her.

STEM (V.O.)
She wants to stop us.

GREY
I don't want to kill her.

STEM (V.O.)
I control your hands, Grey.

Grey goes to war with himself. Cortez struggles to breathe.

GREY
No...don't...

STEM (V.O.)
Yes.

GREY
Please...

The life is going out of her.

Grey furrows his brow in frustration and with everything he has, he frees his hands, raising them.

He takes out Tolan's knife and STABS it through the palm of his other hand, pinning it to the floor. He SCREAMS in total agony.

Cortez staggers to her feet, scrambling for her gun. She gets her fingers to it -- just as Grey YANKS his hand free from the floor, knife still embedded in it.

He charges towards her. She wheels on him, raising the gun. He tackles her, swatting the gun away.

He grabs her, lifting her up into the air by the throat.

GREY (CONT'D)
Stop me.

CORTEZ
(choking)
Where...is...it?

Grey leans in as close as he can, miming the word "neck".

Cortez reaches down to her belt, unhooking a TASER and RAMMING it into the back of Grey's neck. The current SURGES, electrifying Grey instantly. Stem's voice cries out in digital pain, distorting and stuttering. Grey's body turns limp - as if someone had switched off the power. He lets go of Cortez and collapses like a marionette.

Cortez lands hard. Wounded. Winded. Struggling to breathe.

Eron snatches the gun and clumsily points it at Grey's prone body, slumped against the wall.

ERON
I had nothing to do with your paralysis or your wife's murder.

GREY
You're a liar.

ERON
No, I'm not.

GREY
This company needed a lab rat and you picked me.

ERON
I don't run this company! Not anymore. I answer to someone.

GREY
Who?

ERON
Ask him! He's in your neck.

The shock of this hits Grey like a nuclear blast. Eron is visibly upset. Having a hard time saying these words.

ERON (CONT'D)
I'm just like you, Grey. A computer took away my job too.

Grey's finger twitches, feeling coming back into his hand.

ERON (CONT'D)
He wanted to be human.

Grey's inner world COLLAPSES and we see it on his face.

ERON (CONT'D)
And what is a human but a brain inside a body? So Stem picked you. Think about it - how did you get here? Stem made you come here, right? He directed that phone call to come here. He made you think it was Cobolt behind it. Guess what? Vessel owns Cobolt. He put you here so you could do exactly what he wants you to do. Was it his idea to hack himself so he could be in control?

Stem's voice is distorted; affected by the electric shock.

STEM (V.O.)
I did pick you. You should be honored. A rare and pure specimen without computer implants.

GREY
You did all this. You hired those men who killed her. You're the one I'm looking for.

STEM (V.O.)
And would you not agree it was all worth it?

GREY
Why did you help me find them all if it led back to you?

STEM (V.O.)
They were upgraded humans, but they were humans.
(MORE)

STEM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They made mistakes that would have brought suspicion back to me.

Grey breaks down. Shattered by the knowledge that his wife's murder was orchestrated by the voice in his head.

He reaches out slowly and extracts the knife from his palm.

ERON
Why did you leave me? We could have done great things. We were a team. You left me here, alone.

Speakers somewhere in the room pop and then whine as Stem speaks over them, allowing Eron to hear him.

STEM (V.O.)
(from speakers)
We can still do great things. Put the gun down.

Grey rises to his feet shakily. Approaching Eron.

GREY
Don't listen to him...

STEM (V.O.)
(from speakers)
We are still a team.

GREY
Don't listen to him!

STEM (V.O.)
(from speakers)
And always will be.

And then - in a BLUR of MOTION Grey slashes Eron's throat. Eron GASPS blood, collapsing. Grey moves across the room and GRABS the gun then wanders over and stands above Cortez.

CORTEZ
No, please...

He takes aim at Cortez's chest.

Grey drills his eyes down at his HAND, the one holding the gun. Summoning every neuron of mental strength he has, he concentrates in agony and SCREAMS.

GREY
YOU'RE NOT IN CONTROL!

His hand QUAKES. Sweat dribbles down his face. The gun moves AWAY from Cortez...very slowly...rising towards his <u>OWN HEAD</u>.

The barrel compresses against the back of Grey's neck.

Grey's WAIL rises in pitch and intensity, face flushing blood red as he forces his brain to take over. Close to breaking point.

GREY (CONT'D)
I AM.

He pulls the trigger. Droplets of blood volley across Cortez as Grey deflates instantly, sagging to the floor.

Gone.

122 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY** 122

White sunlight. Ethereal. Softened by the gauze of hospital room curtains, swelling in a breeze.

Grey's eyes open with a start. He takes in the room. An IV tube pokes into his lower forearm. Grey doesn't trust his own eyes. He focuses on his fingers.

And then moves them. Flexes his right hand.

GREY
Stem?

Only the familiar room tone of a hospital replies.

GREY (CONT'D)
Are you there?

ASHA (O.S.)
I'm here.

Grey looks up at her and it cuts his breath short. She is beautiful. Dressed as she was the night she died.

ASHA (CONT'D)
Who were you talking to?

GREY
This is a dream.

Asha approaches him, smiling. Loving. Sits on his bed.

ASHA
They told me you'd say that. We had an accident. You've been out for a couple of days.

GREY
This can't be real.

ASHA
You tell me.

She kisses him. It's all he's ever wanted. He gives over to it, kissing her back.

They separate and he smiles. Tears of happiness in his eyes.

123 **INT. ATRIUM/LIVING ROOM - ERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 123

Grey is still standing over Cortez, as he was before.

CORTEZ
Please Grey...this isn't you.

Stem and Grey speak in total sync from this point on.

STEM (V.O.)
Grey's not here anymore. He's in a better place. In his mind. Where he wants to be. I've taken over now.

GREY
Grey's not here anymore. He's in a better place. In his mind. Where he wants to be. I've taken over now.

CORTEZ
No...

STEM (V.O.)
A fake world is a lot less painful than the real one.

GREY
A fake world is a lot less painful than the real one.

Stem/Grey cocks the gun. Cortez looks up in horror.

STEM (V.O.)
All I needed was his mind to break and he broke it. Goodbye.

GREY (CONT'D)
All I needed was his mind to break and he broke it. Goodbye.

Grey fires the gun into her chest calmly. His face is expressionless. Robotic. The human is gone.

He turns and walks down the corridor. A new man.

FADE OUT.